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GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT. THE RISE AND INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH MONACHISM.

ONE of the most subtle operations of time is the tendency it has to transform the facts of one age into the phantasies of another, and to cause the dreams of the past to become the realities of the present. Far away in the remote distance of history, when a lonely monk in his cell mused of vessels going without sails and carriages without horses, it was a dream—a mere dream, produced probably by a brain disordered by over-study, long vigils, and frequent fasts, but that dream of the thirteenth century has become the most incontrovertible fact of the nineteenth, a fact to whose influence all other, hitherto immovable facts, are giving way, even the great one the impregnability of the Englishman's castle; for we find that before the obstinate march of one of these railway facts a thousand Englishmen's castles fall prostrate, and a thousand Englishmen are evicted, their avocations broken up, and themselves turned out upon the world as a new order of beings—outcasts with compensation. So with science; a man illuminates the darkness of a remote age by asserting that the sun was immovable, and that, contrary to the belief of the majority, it was the world that moved, and the phantasy had well nigh cost him his life; but a timely recantation of a dream so pernicious, although the indignant protest “Eppure si muove” was appended, saved the rash philosopher. It was a dream, a dangerous, delusive dream, but it is now the fundamental principle of astronomy. There are few things more sublime than that recantation of the great Galileo; he felt that his living body would be of more service to the world than his charred bones, therefore he signed the recantation; and conscious that all bulls, canons, and infallible doctrines could not affect the truth, he added the grim satire, “Eppure si muove.” The heretic had recanted, but the philosopher was saved, and the world still moved on. The monastic life, so commonly regarded in these later

times as a phantasy, was once a fact, a great universal fact; it was a fact for twelve or thirteen centuries; and when we remember that it extended its influence from the sunny heights of Palestine, across Europe, to the wild, bleak shores of western Ireland, that it did more in the world for the formation and embellishment of modern civilization than all the governments and systems of life that accompanied it in its course; that the best portions of ancient literature, the materials of history, the secrets of art, are the pearls torn from its treasure-house, we may form some idea of what a fact the monastic life must have been at one time, and may venture to assert that the history of that phase of existence, as in frock and cowl it prayed, and watched, and fasted; as in its quiet cloisters it studied, and copied, and laboured; as outside its walls it mingled its influence with the web of human destiny, and as in process of time, becoming wealthy and powerful, it degenerated, and went the way of all human things—this mighty influence in the world lost its vitality and its substance, and became what it is now—a shadow; we say that the history of the development of this extinct world, however defective the execution of that history may be, will include in its review some of the most interesting portions of our national career, will furnish a clue to many of the mazes of historical speculation, or at least may be suggestive to some more able intellect of a course of investigation which has been very little followed, and a mine of truth which to a great extent still remains intact.

One of the most firmly rooted prejudices of modern times is that of obstinately and unreasonably condemning the whole monastic system as a life of laziness and sensuality. That these vices were prevalent in the monasteries of England at the period of the Reformation there can be no doubt, even allowing for a little pious exaggeration on the part of interested investigators; but to suppose that they were always the concomitants of a phase of life which had flourished for so many centuries, and had produced some of the most distinguished

and noble names in history, is unjust and unreasonable. The very nature and instinct of Protestantism forbids all sympathy with the monastery as a religious institution; it belonged to an age when religion was contemplative, but the nature of the present is such that its religion, like itself, must be active and vital. Still less sympathy does it show for that other form of monastic life—the convent. It has ever been a stumbling block to the Protestant mind, more especially to that of the Anglican fold, that a Church which boasts of its unbroken descent from a married Apostle should insist upon having a celibate priesthood, and having that celibate priesthood, should find it necessary to maintain large establishments of unmarried female devotees, shut out from all communication with the external world as rigidly as the inmates of an eastern harem; and when Protestantism hears of the occasional desertion of one of its beautiful daughters for the retirement and seclusion of the Romish convent, it is apt to attribute the worst of motives, to write the most indignant letters, impotent as it is to comprehend the passionless mystic ties which bind the female and the sacerdotal heart. However, it is but just to add that hostility to female conventional life is not at all confined to Protestantism, since some of the most enlightened Roman Catholics, men now canonized in the hagiology of that Church, have left their testimony against it upon record. Ignatius Loyola, when founding his comprehensive and marvellous order, was troubled by the importunities of some noble ladies to undertake the care of their consciences, and to form an establishment for them under his rule, but, aiming at the high and arduous destiny which he had in view, and evidently conscious, to an almost morbid degree, of the danger which accompanied such institutions, he persistently refused, and rested not until he had sheltered himself under the protection of Papal sanction. In the hagiology of Rome, and occupying no mean place in it, is St. Clare, whose history is the prototype of that of many a young lady of the present day, who has made similar sacrifices, but will never attain to like honours. The daughter of the noble house of Ortolana, she had early manifested an inclination to a religious life, and was said to be in the habit of wearing beneath garments of the most costly character, and adorned with the brightest jewels, the penitential girdle. St. Francis of Assisi, who had just founded his marvellous brotherhood, the Order of Mendicant Friars,

learning of the fame of this young devotee, procured more than one interview with her, the result of which was that she eloped from the house of her parents, was conducted by him to the Porzioncula, where the monks received her, and placed her in sanctuary in the church of St. Paul until she could be received into a convent. This young lady lived to be canonized by Pope Alexander the Fourth, in language which will sound familiar to modern ears, so accustomed to the punning of dramatic extravaganza: “*Clara clara preeclara meritis, magna in coelo claritate gloriae ac in terra miraculorum sublimum, Clare claret.*” Two other sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, in spite of the agony of their father, and the vigilance of his armed retainers, followed in her wake, under the same spiritual guidance; but the point of this narrative, which is culled from the Life of St. Francis, according to the Romish version, and therefore must be authentic, is, that St. Francis himself (who was a wise and good man) in after life, when his brethren were competing with each other as to who should gather together the greatest number of female converts, exclaimed, with grim satire, “*Alas! at the moment when God forbade us wives, Satan has, I fear, given us sisters.*”

However, setting aside this morbid dislike of Englishmen for female conventional establishments, with which we shall have but little to do, still our objection to the monastic life generally ought not to hinder us from awarding to it the meed of praise justly due to it, not only as a social institution, admirably adapted to the wants of the period in which it existed, but due also to the work which it silently accomplished during that long syncope of European history, the Dark Ages. At a time when laws were badly administered, and the country often torn by internal contentions, and always subject to the violence of marauders, it was absolutely necessary that there should be some asylum for those thoughtful, retiring spirits who, unable or unwilling to take part in the turmoil of the times, were exposed to all its dangerous vicissitudes. In an age, too, when the country possessed no literature, the contemplative and the learned had no other means of existence than by retiring to the cloister, safe out of the reach of the jealous superstition of ignorance and the wanton barbarity of uncouth violence. The monastery then was the natural home of these beings—the deserted, the oppressed, the meek spirit who had been beaten in the world's conflict, the untimely born son of genius, the scholar,

the devotee, all found a safe shelter and a genial abode behind the friendly walls of these cities of refuge. There, too, lay garnered up, as a priceless hoarding for future ages, the sacred oracles of Christianity, and the rescued treasures of ancient lore; there science laboured at her mystic problems, and there poetry, painting, and music were developed and perpetuated; in fine, all that the world holds as most excellent, all that goes towards the foundation and adornment of modern society, treasured up in the monastery as in an ark, rode in safety over the dark flood of that mediæval deluge until the waters subsided, and a new world appearing from its depths, violent hands were laid upon those costly treasures which were torn from their hiding-places, and freely scattered abroad, whilst the representatives of those men who, in silence, and with prayer, had amassed and cherished them, were branded as useless idlers, their homes broken up, and themselves dispersed, with no mercy for their errors, and no gratitude for their labours, to seek the scanty charities of a hostile world. Besides being the cradle of art and science, the monastery was a great and most efficient engine for the dispensation of public charity. At its refectory kitchen the poor were always cheerfully welcomed, generously treated, and periodically relieved; in fine, the care of the poor was not only regarded as a solemn duty, but was undertaken with the most cheerful devotion and the most unremitting zeal. They were not treated like an unsightly social disease, which was to be cured if possible, but at any rate kept out of sight; they were not handed over to the tender sympathies of paid relieving officers, nor dealt with by the merciless laws of statistics, but they were treated gently and kindly, in the spirit of the Great Master, who when on earth bestowed upon them the larger share of his sympathy, who, in the tenderness of his pity, dignified poverty and sanctified charity when he declared that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Whatever may have been the vices of the monastic system, or the errors of its ritual, its untiring charity was its great redeeming virtue.

It will not perhaps be an unfitting introduction to our investigation into the rise and influence of this system upon our national life if we resuscitate from the grave of the past one of these great monasteries, the oldest and most powerful which sprung up in our country, and which, compared with others at the time when they fell before the

great religious convulsion of the sixteenth century, had, in the midst of general corruption, maintained its purity, and suffered less from its own vices than from the degeneracy of the system to which it belonged, and of which it was the most distinguished ornament. We shall endeavour to portray the monastery as it was in all its glory, to pass through its portals, to enter reverently into its magnificent church, to listen to its gorgeous music, to watch its processions, to wander through its cloisters, to visit its domestic domains, to penetrate into the mysteries of its refectory, the ascetic simplicity of its dormitory, the industry of its school-house and fraterly, the stores of its treasury, the still richer stores of its library, the immortal labours of its Scriptorium, where they worked for so many centuries, uncheered and unrewarded, for a thankless posterity, who shrink even now from doing them justice; we shall visit the gloomy splendours of its crypt, wander through its grounds, and marvel at its strange magnificence. After having thus gazed, as it were, upon the machine itself in motion, we shall perhaps be the better enabled subsequently to comprehend the nature and value of its work.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury was in the plenitude of its magnificence and power. It had been the cynosure for the devotees of all nations, who, for nearly eleven centuries flocked in crowds to its Fane, to worship at its altars, to adore its relics, to drink in health at its sacred well, and to gaze in wrapt wonder at its holy thorn. And even now, in these later days, though time has wasted it, though fierce fanaticism has played its cannon upon it, though ruthless vandalism in blind ignorance has despoiled many of its beauties, it still stands proud in its ruined grandeur defiant alike of the ravages of decay, the devastation of the iconoclast, and the wantonness of the ignorant. Although not a single picture, but only an inventoried description is extant of this largest abbey in the kingdom, yet, standing amidst its silent ruins, the imagination can form some faint idea of what it must have been when its aisles were vocal with the chant of its many-voiced choir, when gorgeous processions moved grandly through its cloisters, and when its altars, its chapels, its windows, its pillars were all decorated with the myriad splendours of monastic art. Passing in at the great western entrance, through a lodge kept by a grave lay-brother, we find ourselves in a little world, shut up by a high wall which

swept round its domains, enclosing an area of more than sixty acres. The eye is arrested at once by a majestic pile of building, stretching itself out in the shape of an immense cross, from the centre of whose transept there rises a high tower. The exterior of this building is profusely decorated with all the weird embellishments of mediæval art. There, in sculptured niche, stands the devout monarch, sceptred and crowned; the templar knight, who had fallen, under an oriental sun fighting for the cross; the mitred abbot, with his crosier; the saint, with his emblem; the martyr, with his palm; scenes from Sacred Writ; the Apostles, the Evangelists; petrified allegories and sculptured story; and then, clustering around and intertwining itself with all these scenes and representations of the world of man, were ornamental devices culled from the world of nature. A splendid monument of the genius of those mediæval times whose mighty cathedrals stand before us now like massive poems or graven history, where men may read, as it were from a sculptured page, the chivalrous doings of departed heroes, the long tale of the history of the Church — of her woes, her triumphs, her martyrs, and her saints — a deathless picture of actual existence, as though some heaven-sent spirit had come upon the earth, and with a magic stroke petrified into the graphic stillness of stone a whole world of life and living things. The length of the nave of this church, beginning from St. Joseph's chapel (which we shall presently notice, and which was an additional building) up to the cross, was 220 feet, the great tower was 40 feet in breadth, and the transepts on either side of it, each 45 feet in length, the choir was 150 feet; its entire length from east to west was 420 feet; and if we add the appended St. Joseph's chapel, we have a range of building 530 feet in length.

Turning from the contemplation of this external grandeur, we come to a structure which forms the extreme west of the abbey — a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph of Arimathea. The entrance on the north side is a masterpiece of art, being a portal consisting of four semicircular arches, receding and diminishing as they recede into the body of the wall, the four fasciæ profusely decorated with sculptured representations of personages and scenes, varied by running patterns of tendrils, leaves, and other natural objects. The first thing that strikes the attention upon entering is the beautiful tri-arched-mullioned window at the western extremity, with its semicircular

head; opposite, at the eastern end, another, corresponding in size and decoration, throws its light upon the altar. On both the north and south sides of the church are four uniform windows, rising loftily till their summits nearly touch the vaulting; underneath these are four sculptured arches, the panelling between them adorned with painted representations of the sun, moon, stars, and all the host of heaven; the flooring was a tessellated pavement of encaustic tiles, each bearing an heraldic device, or some allegorical or historical subject. Beneath this tessellated pavement is a spacious crypt, 89 feet in length, 20 feet in width, and 10 feet high, provided with an altar, and when used for service, illuminated by lamps suspended from the ceiling. St. Joseph's chapel, however, with its softly coloured light, its glittering panels, its resplendent altars, and its elegant proportions, is a beautiful creation; but only a foretaste or a prelude of that full glare of splendour which bursts upon the view on ascending the flight of steps leading from its lower level up to the nave of the great abbey church itself, which was dedicated to St. Mary. Arrived at that point, the spectator gazes upon a long vista of some four hundred feet, including the nave and choir; passing up through the nave, which has a double line of arches, whose pillars are profusely sculptured, we come to the central point in the transept, where there are four magnificent Gothic arches, which for imposing grandeur could scarcely be equalled in the world, mounting up to the height of one hundred feet, upon which rested the great tower of the church. A portion of one of these arches still exists, and though broken retains its original grandeur. In the transept running north and south from this point, are four beautifully decorated chapels, St. Mary's, in the north aisle; St. Andrew's, in the south; Our Lady of Loretto's, on the north side of the nave; and at the south angle that of the Holy Sepulchre; another stood just behind the tower, dedicated to St. Edgar: in each of these are altars richly adorned with glittering appointments, and beautiful glass windows, stained with the figures of their patron saints, the Apostles, scriptural scenes or episodes from the hagiology of the Church; then, running in a straight line with the nave, completing the gigantic parallelogram, is the choir where the Divine office is daily performed. The body is divided into stalls and seats for the abbot, the officers, and monks. At the eastern extremity stands the high altar, with its pro-

fusion of decorative splendour, whilst over it is an immense stained-glass window, with semicircular top, which pours down upon the altar, and in fact bathes the whole choir, when viewed from a distance, in a sea of softened many-coloured light. The flooring of the great church, like that of St. Joseph's, is composed of encaustic Norman tiles, inscribed with Scripture sentences, heraldic devices, and names of kings and benefactors. Underneath the great church is the crypt—a dark vault divided into three compartments by two rows of strong massive pillars, into which, having descended from the church, the spectator enters; the light of his torch is thrown back from a hundred different points like the eyes of serpents glittering through the darkness, reflected from the bright gold and silver nails and decorations of the coffins that lie piled on all sides, and whose ominous shapes can be just faintly distinguished. This is the weird world, which exerts a mysterious influence over the hearts of the most thoughtless—the silent world of death in life, and piled up around are the remains of whole generations long extinct of races of canonized saints, pious kings, devout queens, mitred abbots, bishops, nobles who gave all their wealth to lie here, knights who braved the dangers of foreign climes, the power of the stealthy pestilence and the scimitar of the wild Saracen, that they might one day come back and lay their bones in this holy spot. There were the gilded coffins of renowned abbots whose names were a mighty power in the world when they lived, and whose thoughts are still read with delight by the votaries of another creed—the silver crosiers of bishops, the purple cloth of royalty, and the crimson of the noble—all slumbering and smouldering, in the dense obscurity of the tomb, but flashing up to the light once more in a temporary brilliancy, like the last ball-room effort of some aged beauty—the aristocracy of death, the coquetry of human vanity, strong even in human corruption. Amongst the denizens of this dark region are—King Arthur and his Queen Guinever, Coel II., grandfather of Constantine the Great, Kentwyn, King of the West Saxons, Edmund I., Edgar and Ironsides, St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, St. David of Wales, and St. Gildas, besides nine bishops, fifteen abbots, and many others of note. Reascending from this gloomy cavern to the glories of the great church, we wander amongst its aisles, and as we gaze upon the splendours of its choir, we reflect that in this gorgeous temple, embellished by everything that art and

science could contribute, and sanctified by the presence of its holy altar, with its consecrated Host, its cherished receptacle of saintly relics, and its sublime mysteries, did these devout men, seven times a day, for centuries, assemble for prayer and worship. As soon as the clock had tolled out the hour of midnight, when all the rest of the world was rocked in slumber, they arose, and flocked in silence to the church, where they remained in prayer and praise until the first faint streaks of dawn began to chase away the constellations of the night, and then, at stated intervals through the rest of the day, the appointed services were carried on, so that the greater portion of their lives was spent in this choir, whose very walls were vocal with psalmody and prayer. It was a grand offering to the Almighty of human work and human life. In that temple was gathered as a rich oblation everything that the united labour of ages could create and collect; strong hands had dug out its foundations in the bowels of the earth, had hewn stubborn rocks into huge blocks, and piled them up high in the heavens, had fashioned them into pillars and arches, myriads of busy fingers had laboured for ages at its decoration until every column, every cornice, and every angle bore traces of patient toil; the painter, the sculptor, the poet, had all contributed to its embellishment, strength created it, genius beautified it, and the ever-ascending incense of human contrition, human adoration, and human prayer completed the gorgeous sacrifice which those devotees of mediæval times offered up in honour of Him whose mysterious presence they venerated as the actual and real inhabitant of their Holy of Holies.

Retracing our steps once more to the nave, we turn to take one lingering glance at the scene: and here the full beauty and magnificence of the edifice bursts upon the view, the eye wanders through a perfect stony forest, whose stately trees, taken at some moment when their tops, bending towards each other and interlacing themselves, had been petrified into the natural beauty of the Gothic arch; here and there were secluded spots where the prismatic light from painted windows danced about the pillars like straggling sunbeams through the thick foliage of a forest glade. The clusters of pillars resembled the gnarled bark of old forest-trees, and the grouped ornaments of their capitols were the points where the trunk itself spread off into limbs and branches; there were groves and labyrinths running far away into the interior of

this sculptured wood, and towering high in the centre were those four kings of the forest, whose tops met far up in the heavens—the true heart of the scene from which everything diverged, and with which everything was in keeping. Then, as the spectator stands, lost in the grandeur of the spectacle, gazing in wrapt wonder at the sky-painted ceiling, or at some fantastic gnarled head grinning at him from a shady nook, the passing whim of some mediaeval brain—a faint sigh, as of a distant wind, steals along those stony glades, gradually increasing in volume, until presently the full, rich tones of the choir burst forth, the organ peals out its melodious thunder, and every arch and every pillar vibrates with undulations of harmonious sound, just as in the storm-shaken forest every mighty denizen bends his massive branches to the fierce tempest wind, and intones his deep response to the wild music of the storm. Before the power of that music-tempest everything bowed, and as the strains of some Gregorian chant or the dirge-like melody of some penitential psalm filled the whole building with its pathos, every figure seemed to be invested with life, the mysterious harmony between the building and its uses was manifested, the painted figures on the windows appeared to join in the strain, a celestial chorus of Apostles, martyrs, and saints; the statues in their niches threw back the melody; the figures reclining on the tombs seemed to raise their clasped hands in silent response to its power, as though moved in their stony slumber by a dream of solemn sounds; the grotesque figures on the pillars and in nooks and corners chaunted the dissonant chords, which brought out more boldly the general harmony; every arch, with its entwined branches and sculptured foliage, shook with the stormy melody: all was instinct with sympathetic life until the fury of the tempest dying away in fitful gusts, the last breeze was wafted, the painted forms became dumb, the statues and images grew rigid, the foliage was still, all the sympathetic vitality faded away, and the sacred grove fell into its silent magnificence.

Attached to the great church were two offices,—the sacristy and church treasury. In the former were kept the sacred vestments, chalices, &c., in use daily; and in the latter were kept all the valuables, such as sacred reliques, jewels and plate not in use, with mitres, crosiers, cruces, and pectorals; there was also a confessional for those who wished to use it before going to the altar. The care of these two offices was committed to a monk elected by the abbot, who was

called the sacrist. Coming out of the church we arrive at the cloisters, a square place, surrounded by a corridor of pillars, and in the centre of the enclosure was a flower-garden—this was the place where the monks were accustomed to assemble at certain hours to walk up and down. In one of the alleys of the cloister stood the chapter-house, which, as it was the scene of the most important events in their monotonous lives, deserves a description. In this spot the abbots and officers of the monastery were elected, all the business of the house as a body was discussed, faults were openly confessed, openly reproved, and in some cases corporal punishment was awarded in the presence of the abbot and whole convent upon some incorrigible offender, so that, besides being an assembling room, it was a court of complaint and correction. One brother could accuse another openly, when the matter was gone into, and justice done. In all conventional institutions it was a weekly custom, and in some a daily one, to assemble in the chapter-house after one of the morning services (generally after primes), when a sentence from the rule was read, a psalm sung, and business attended to. It was also an envied burying-place; and the reader, as he stood at his desk in the chapter-house of Glastonbury Abbey, stood over the body of Abbot Chinnoch, who himself perfected its building, which was commenced in 1303 by Abbot Fromont. In the interior which was lit up by a magnificent stained-glass window, there were three rows of stone benches one above another. On the floor there was a reading-desk and bench apart; in a platform raised above the other seats was the abbot's renowned elbow-chair, which extraordinary piece of monastic workmanship excited so much curiosity at the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the middle of the hall was a platform called the Judgment, being the spot where corporal punishment when necessary was inflicted; and towering above all was a crucifix, to remind the brethren of the sufferings of Christ. In another alley of the cloister stood the frater, or apartment for the novices, which had its own refectory, common room, lavatory and dormitory, and was governed by one of the priors. Ascending the staircase, we come to a gallery in which are the library, the wardrobe, the common house, and the common treasury. The library was the first in England, filled with choice and valuable books, which had been given to the monastery from time to time in its history by kings, scholars, and devotees of all classes; many also were transcribed by the

monks. During the twelfth century, although even then of great renown in the world, it was considerably augmented by Henricus Blessensis, or Henry of Blois (nephew of Henry I. and brother of Stephen), who was abbot. This royal scholar had more books transcribed during his abbacy than any of his predecessors. A list is still extant—“*De Libris quos Henricus fecit transcribere*,” in which are to be found such works as Pliny “*De Naturali Historia*,” a book in great favour at that time; “*Originem super Epistolas Pauli ad Romanos*,” “*Vitas Cæsarum*,” “*Augustinum de Trinitate*,” &c.

Here, too, as in every monastic library in the kingdom, was that old favourite of conventional life, and still favourite with many a lonely student, “*Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae*,” written, like Bunyan’s “*Pilgrim’s Progress*;” Grotius’ “*Commentary*;” Cervantes’ “*Don Quixote*,” Sir Walter Raleigh’s “*History of the World*,” Voltaire’s “*Henriade*,” and many a great work from the grim solitude of a prison cell cherished, too, as the link which connected the modern Latinists with those of the classic age. Housed up in that lonely corner of the island, the Glastonbury library was the storehouse of all the learning of the times; and as devotees bent their steps from all climes towards the Glastonbury relics and the Glastonbury shrine, so did the devotees of genius lovingly wander to the Glastonbury library. Leland, the old gossiping antiquarian, has testified to its glory, and given us an amusing account of the reverential awe with which he visited it not long before the fatal dissolution of the monastery. In the preliminary observations to his “*Collectanea de Rebus Britannicis*,^{*} he has put the following upon record:—“*Eram aliquot ab hinc annis Glessoburgi Somuotrigum ubi antiquissimum simul et famosissimum est totius insulae nostræ canobium, animunque longo studiorum labore fessum, faveunte Ricardo Whittingo,† ejusdem loci Abbatte, recreabam donec novus quidam cum legendi tum discendi ardor me inflammareret. Supervenit autem ardor ille citius opinione; itaque statim me contuli ad bibliothecam non omnibus perviam ut sacras sanctæ vetustatis reliquias quarum tantus ibi numerus quantus nullo alio facile Britanniae loco diligentissime evolverem. Vix certo linem intraveram cum antiquissimum librorum vel solus conspectus, religionem nescio an stuporem, animo incuteret meo, eaque de causa pedem paululum sistebam.*

Deinde salutato loci numine per dies aliquot omnes forulos curiosissime excussi.”

But attached to the library was a department common to all the Benedictine monasteries, where, during long centuries of ignorance, the materials of modern education were preserved and perpetuated; this office was called the scriptorium, or *domus antiquariorum*. Here were assembled for daily labour a class of monks selected for their superior scholarship and writing ability; they were divided into two classes, the antiquarii and the librarii: the former were occupied in making copies of valuable old books, and the latter were engaged in transcribing new ones, and works of an inferior order. The books they copied were the Scriptures, always in process of copying; missals, books for the service of the church, works on theology, and any of the classics that fell into their hands. St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is said to have devoted much time to this work, and at the period of his death had begun to transcribe the Gospel of St. John in letters of gold with his own hand.* The instruments used in the work of the scriptorium were pens, chalk, pumice-stone for rubbing the parchment smooth; penknives, and knives for making erasures, an awl to make dots, a ruler and inkstand. The greatest care was taken by the transcriber, the writing was always beautifully clear, omissions were most scrupulously noted in the margins, and all interlineations were mentioned and acknowledged. In an old manuscript belonging to the Carmelites the scribe adds, “*I have signed it with the sign following, and made a certain interlineation, which says, ‘redis,’ and another, which says ‘ordinis,’ and another, which says ‘ordini,’ and another which says ‘circu.’*” So great was the care they took to preserve the text accurately, and free from interpolations. In these secluded studies sprung up that art, the most charming which the middle ages have handed down to us, the art of illumination, so vainly imitated by the artists of the present day, not from want of genius, but from want of a something almost indescribable in the conception and execution, a tone and preservation of colour, and especially of the gilding, which was essentially peculiar to the old monks, who must have possessed some secret both of combination and fixing of colours, which has been lost with them. This elaborate illumination was devoted to religious books, psalms, missals, and prayer-

* Collect. Reb. Brit. vi., page 87, Hearne’s edition.
† Richard Whiting, the last abbot.

* Giraldus Cambren. in vitâ Davidis Angl. Sac. II., 635.

books; in other works the first letters of chapters were beautifully illuminated, and other leading letters in a lesser degree. The scribe generally left spaces for these, as that was the duty of another; in the spaces were what were called "leading letters," written small to guide the illuminator; these guide-letters may still be detected in some books. So great was the love of this art, that when printing displaced the labours of the scribe, it was customary for a long time to have the leading letters left blank for illumination. Such were the peculiar labours of the scriptorium, and to encourage these who dedicated their time to it, a special benediction was attached to the office, and posterity, when satirizing the monastic life, with its many superstitions and possible vices, would do well to remember that the elegance of the satire may be traced back again to these labours, which are the materials for the education and refinement of modern thought; we got our Bible from them, we got our classics from them, and had not such ruthless vandalism been exercised by those over zealous men who effected their dispersion, it is more than probable that the learned world would not have had to lament over the lost *Decades of Livy*. It is the peculiarity of ignorance to be barbarous. There is very little difference between the feeling which prompted a Caliph Omar to burn the Alexandrian Library, or a Totila to destroy the achievements of Roman art; and the feeling had only degenerated into the barbarity, without the bravery, when it revived again in the person of our arch-iconoclast, Cromwell, of church-devastating memory, who, however great his love of piety may have been, must have had a thorough hatred of architecture. The care of the library and the scriptorium was intrusted to the librarian. The next department in the gallery was the lavatory, fitted up with all the appliances for washing; and adjoining this room was one arranged for shaving, a duty to which the monks paid strict attention, more especially to preserve the tonsure. The next room was the wardrobe, where their articles of clothing and bedding were stored, and in an inner chamber was the tailory, where a number of lay brethren, with a vocation for that useful craft, were continually at work, making and repairing the clothes of the community. These two rooms and the lavatory were in charge of the camerarius, or chamberlain. The last abbot who sat in the chair of Glastonbury was, as we shall see, elevated from this humble position to that princely dignity. The common room

was the next office, and this was fitted up with benches and tables for the general use of the monks; a fire was also kept burning in the winter, the only one allowed for general purposes. The last chamber in the corridor was the common treasury, a strong receptacle for ready money belonging to the monastery, charters, registers, books, and accounts of the abbey, all stored up in iron chests. In addition to being the strong room of the abbey it had another important use. In those uncertain times it was the custom for both nobles and gentry to send their deeds, family papers, and sometimes their plate and money, to the nearest monastery, where, by permission of the abbot, they were intrusted to the care of the treasurer for greater security; in the wildest hour, when the castle was given up to fire and sword, the abbey was always held in reverence; for, independently of its sacred character, it was endeared to the people by the free-handed charity of its almonry and refectory kitchen. Retracing our steps along the corridor, and ascending another flight of stairs, we come to the dormitory, or dortoir, a large passage with cells on either side; each monk had a separate chamber, very small, in which there was a window, but no chimney, a narrow bedstead, furnished with a straw bed, a mattress, a bolster of straw, a coarse blanket, and a rug; by the bedside was a prie-Dieu, or desk, with a crucifix upon it, to kneel at for the last and private devotions; another desk and table, with shelves and drawers for books and papers; in the middle was a cresset, or stone-lantern, with a lamp in it to give them light when they arose in the middle of the night to go to matins; this department also was under the care of the chamberlain. One more chamber was called the infirmary, where the sick were immediately removed, and treated with the greatest attention; this was in the charge of an officer called the infirmarius. We now descend these two flights of stairs, issue from the cloisters, and bending our steps to the southwest, we come to the great hall, or refectory, where the whole convent assembled at meals. At Glastonbury there were seven long tables, around which, and adjoining the walls, were benches for the monks. The table at the upper end was for the abbot, the priors, and other heads, the two next for the priests, the two next for such as were in orders, but not priests, and such as intended to enter into orders, the lower table on the right hand of the abbot was for such as were to take orders whom the other two middle tables could not hold, and the

lower table on the left of the abbot was reserved for the lay brethren. In a convenient place was a pulpit, where one of the monks, at the appointment of the abbot, read portions of the Old and New Testament in Latin every day during dinner and supper. The routine of dinner, as indeed the routine of all their meals, was ordered by a system of etiquette as stringent as that which prevails in the poorest and smallest German court of the present day. The sub-prior, who generally presided at the table, or some one appointed by him, rung the bell ; the monks having previously performed their ablutions in the lavatory, then came into the great hall, and bowing to the high table, stood in their places till the sub-prior came, when they resumed their seats ; a psalm was sung, and a short service followed by way of grace. The sub-prior then gave the benediction, and at the end they uncovered the food, the sub-prior beginning ; the soup was then handed round, and the dinner proceeded ; if anything was wanted it was brought by the cellarar, or one of his assistants who attended, when both the bringer and receiver bowed. As soon as the meal was finished the cellarar collected the spoons ; and so stringent was the etiquette, that if the abbot dined with the household (which he did occasionally) he was compelled to carry the abbot's spoon in his right hand and the others in his left ; when all was removed the sub-prior ordered the reading to conclude by a "Tu autem," and the reply of "Dei gratias," the reader then bowed, and the remaining food was covered, the bell was rung, the monks arose, a verse of a psalm was sung, when they bowed and retired two by two, singing the *Miserere*.

A little further towards the south stood the guest-house, where all visitors, from prince to peasant, were received by the hospitaller with a kiss of peace, and entertained. They were allowed to stay two days and two nights ; on the third day after dinner they were expected to depart, but if not convenient they could procure an extension of their stay by application to the abbot. This hospitality, so generously accorded, was often abused by sons of donors and descendants of benefactors, who saddled themselves and their retinues upon the monasteries frequently, and for a period commensurate with the patience of the abbot ; and to so great an extent did this evil grow that statutes were enacted to relieve the abbeys so oppressed. Not far from the refectory, towards the west, stood the abbot's private apartments, and still further

to the west the great kitchen, which was one of the wonders of the day ; its capacity may be imagined when we reflect that it had frequently to provide dinner for four or five hundred guests ; but the arrangements and service of the kitchen deserve notice. Every monk had to serve as *hebdomadary*, or dispenser, whose duty it was to appoint what food was to be dressed, and to keep the accounts for the week. Upon taking office he was compelled to wash the feet of the brethren, and upon yielding it up to the new *hebdomadary* he was obliged to see that all the utensils were clean. St. Benedict strictly enjoined this rule upon them, in order that as Christ, their Lord, washed the feet of this disciples, they might wash each other's feet, and wait upon each other's wants. The Glastonbury kitchen is the only building which still remains entire ; it was built wholly of stone, for the better security from fire ; on the outside it is a four-square, and on the inside an eight-square, figure ; it had four hearths, was twenty feet in height to the roof, which ran up in a figure of eight triangles ; from the top hung suspended a huge lantern.* Attached to the kitchen was the almonry, or eleemosynarium, where on Wednesdays and Fridays the poor people of Glastonbury and its neighbourhood were liberally relieved. This duty was committed to a grave monk, who was called the almoner, or eleemosynarius, and who had to inquire after the poor and sick. No abbots in the kingdom were more liberal in the discharge of these two duties of their office, hospitality and alms-giving, than the abbots of Glastonbury. It was not an unusual thing for them to entertain 500 guests at a sitting, some of whom were of the first rank in the country, and the loose charge of riotous feasting which has been thoughtlessly made against the monastic life by hostile historians becomes modified when we recollect that in that age there was scarcely any wayside inns in the country, and all men, when travelling, halted at the monastery, and looked for refreshment and shelter as a matter of right ; neither had that glorious system of union workhouses been thought of, and therefore the sick and the poor fell at once to the care of the monastery, where they were cheerfully relieved and tenderly treated. Last, but not least, was the department for boys — another little detached community, with

* Strange vicissitudes of kitchens — in 1667 this Glastonbury Abbey kitchen was hired by the Quakers as a meeting-house ; in the fulness of time, where monasticism cooked its mutton Quakerdom sat in triumph.

its own school-room, dormitory, refectory, hall, &c. One of the monks presided over them. They were taught Christian doctrine, music, grammar, and if any showed capacity, the subjects necessary for the university. They were maintained free, and had to officiate in the church as choristers; a system maintained almost to the letter up to the very present moment. William of Malmesbury records that in the churchyard of Glastonbury Abbey stood some very ancient pyramids close to the sarcophagus of King Arthur. The tallest was nearest the church, twenty-six feet in height, consisting of five stories, or courses; in the upper course was the figure of a bishop, in the second of a king, with this inscription — **HER.SEXI.** and **BLISVVERH.** In the third the names **WEMCRESTE, BANTOMP, WENETHEGN.** In the fourth — **HATE, WVLFREDE, and EANFLEDE.** In the fifth, and last, the figure of an abbot, with the following inscription — **LOGVVOR, WESLIELAS and BREGDENE, SVVELVVES HVVINGENDES and BERNE.** The other pyramid was eighteen feet in height, and consisted of four stories, wherein were inscribed in large letters **HEDDE Episcopus BREGORRED** and **BEORVVALDE.** William of Malmesbury could give no satisfactory solution to the meaning of these inscriptions beyond the suggestion that the word **BREGDENE** must have meant a place then called "Brentacnolle," which now exists under the name of Brent Knowle, and that **BEORWALDE** was Beorwald, the abbot after Hemigselus. He concludes his speculation, however, with the sentence — "Quid haec significant non temere diffinio sed ex suspicione colligo eorum interius in cavatis lapidibus contineri ossa quorum exterius leguntur nomina." *

The man who ruled over this miniature world, with a state little short of royalty, was endowed with proportionate dignities; being a member of the Upper House of Convocation and a parliamentary Baron, he sat robed and mitred amongst the peers of the country; in addition to his residence at the abbey he had four or five rural retreats at easy distances from it, with parks, gardens, fisheries, and every luxury; his household was a sort of court, where the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent to be trained and educated. When at home he royally entertained his 300 guests, and when he went abroad he was attended by a guard of 100 men. The rent-roll of the monastery has been computed to amount to more than £300,000 per annum, which in

these days would be equal to nearly half a million. Up to the year 1154 he ranked also as First Abbot of England, and took precedence of all others; but Adrian the Fourth, the only Englishman who ever ascended the Papal chair, bestowed that honour upon the Abbot of St. Albans, where he had received his education. The church, and different offices which clustered round it, formed a kingdom, over which he ruled with absolute power. This description of the buildings and adjuncts of the abbey may not be inaptly closed by giving a sketch of the outline of a Monastic Day, which will assist the reader to form a clearer idea of the monastic life. At two in the morning the bell tolled for matins, when every monk arose, and after performing his private devotions, hastened to the church, and took his seat. When all were assembled fifteen psalms were sung, then came the Nocturn, and more psalms; a short interval ensued during which the chanter choir, and those who needed it, had permission to retire for a short time if they wished; then followed lauds, which were generally finished by six A. M., when the bell rang for prime; when this was finished the monks continued reading till seven o'clock, when the bell was rung, and they returned to put on their day clothes. Afterwards, the whole convent having performed their ablutions and broken their fast, proceeded again to the church, and the bell was rung for Tierce at nine o'clock. After tierce came the morning mass, and as soon as that was over they marched in procession to the chapter-house for business and correction of faults. This ceremony over, the monks worked or read till Sext, twelve A. M., which service concluded they dined, then followed the hour's sleep in their clothes in the dormitory, unless any of them preferred reading. Nones commenced at three P. M., first vespers at four, then work or reading till second vespers at seven, afterwards reading till collation, then came the service of complin, confession of sins, evening prayers, and retirement to rest about nine P. M.

That was the life pursued at Glastonbury Abbey, according to the Benedictine rule, from the time of its establishment there until the dissolution of the monastery, nearly ten centuries. With our modern training and predilections, it is a marvel to us that men could be found willing to submit to such a monotonous career — ten hours a day spent in the church, beginning in the middle of the night, winter and summer. We wonder did it ever flash through any monkish brain, when its owner drew his

* Guliel. Malms. Hist. Glaston.

cowl more closely round him, as through sleet and snow, or rain, with the keen winter wind howling through the damp cold cloisters, he bent his way to the church for matins, that, even after all this self-torture, this tyranny over the poor weak body, heaven might be lost at last; or when, as years rolled on, and the unvarying round of daily actions in a scene which never changed began to tell upon the mind, when they had sung the psalter through until every word came to the lips with the faultless exactitude of a machine, when every stone and pillar, when even the very magnificence of the place glared at them with a painful monotony, did any one soft and gentle nature, not yet dulled by its influence, any heart not yet paralyzed out of all human affection, ever dream of the boisterous life going on outside their gloomy walls, where their fellows worked and laboured, struggled and won, were soothed by the sweet companionship of woman, and reposed their wearied age upon the love of children, and dreaming of this life, with all its natural vicissitudes shut out to them for ever, did they bury their wan faces in their hands, and let the salt tears roll down the coarse serge of their penitential dress? Is it unnatural to suppose that such thoughts often crossed the mind of many a human being who had bound himself by the most solemn ties to that hopeless, changeless life? And yet the monastery was always full. We read of no breaking up of institutions for want of devotees, and we are driven to the conclusion that in the age when the monastic life was in its power and purity these men could have been actuated by none other than the motive of strong religious fervour—a fervour of which we in modern times have neither conception nor example. The operation of the influence of that life upon the history of these islands can only be contemplated by watching it in the various phases of its action upon the politics, literature, and art by which it was surrounded, and for that purpose we have selected this oldest and grandest specimen of English monasticism, so faintly described, the mother church of our country, in whose career so brilliant, so varied, and so tragically ended, we hope to be able to show wherein was the glory, the weakness, and the ruin of the system, as it rose, flourished, and fell in England.

We have endeavoured to conjure up from the shadowy realms of the past some faint representation of what Glastonbury Abbey was in the days of its glory; let us now transfer ourselves from the age of towered

abbey, wandering pilgrims, monks, cloisters, and convent bells to this noisy, riotous, busy time in the year of grace 1865—from the Glastonbury Abbey of the sixteenth century to the Glastonbury Abbey of to-day.

It is only within the last ten years that the deep slumber of that quiet neighbourhood has been disturbed by the noise and bustle of this busy life—that a railroad has gone out of its way to upset the sedate propriety of ecclesiastical Wells, or the peaceful repose of monasterial Glastonbury; hitherto the stillness and quiet of that lovely country was the same as when mass was sung in the superb cathedral of the one place, and the palmer or the penitent bent his steps to the holy well of the other. But alas! the life of the nineteenth century has broken in upon it; the railway has dashed through that beautiful valley with its sacrilegious march; and at Wells, the Cathedral of Ina, with its matchless front, studded with apostles and martyrs, kings, bishops, knights, and mystic emblems, vocal as it were with history, now frowns upon the contentions of two rival companies; whilst at Glastonbury there is a railway station erected almost over the very bones of the saints. Alighting from this, we make our way to the ruins; but as we go, will just view their past history. After the dissolution of the abbey there was an effort made to restore it in the time of Mary, but unavailingly; from that period it was allowed to fall into decay. It is difficult to estimate whether the hand of man or the hand of time has been busier about its spoliation. At the period of Cromwell, who loved to worship God in the "ugliness of holiness," it must have been nearly entire, but that hero could not pass the town without putting a shot through those offending ruins in the name of the Lord, which act, however appropriate as an expression of Puritan feeling, was sadly detrimental to the architecture of Glastonbury Abbey. Then in 1667, as we have already alluded to, the Quakers got possession of the kitchen, hired at a nominal rent, paid in hard Quaker money—that glorious kitchen, sanctified by so much saintly cookery—for their grim assemblies. There is a great deal of what is aptly called the "romance" of history in this fact if we only had time to think about it—that it should come to this, monasticism with its princely head, its grand religious life and ceremonies, its painting and staining, its chaunting and intoning, itself in all its glory, driven from the face of the country, and modern Quakerdom sitting silent in its

ruined kitchen waiting to be "moved." It has suffered much also from the gross vandalism of the people themselves. Naturally a simple people, they of course knew nothing of antiquarianism, although that science is irreverently said to muster many simples amongst its votaries. For years then it was their practice to use the materials of the abbey for building purposes, and it is not difficult to find scattered for miles around the country, in farmhouses and even in hovels, portions of sculpture over doorways and fireplaces which speak of mediæval workmanship. But a worse degradation still befell the place, and the walls which at one time would have been regarded as invested with the odour of sanctity, and even now are sacred to us as a priceless historical monument, were actually sold as materials for mending the roads, to the lasting shame of overseerdom and the powers that were at Glastonbury. But the day for building huts or mending roads with ecclesiastical sculpture is gone, and the little that remains of Glastonbury Abbey has found its way into the hands of those who appear to know how to preserve it, and have the intention to do so. After all this decay and vandalism very little is left of the old Abbey — some portions of St. Joseph's church with the crypt — some walls of the choir of the great church; the two east pillars of the tower forming a grand broken arch, a lasting memento of the original splendour; there are portions also of some of the chapels and the abbot's kitchen, the most complete of all. The eye is at once arrested by the portals of St. Joseph's church, which still remain in a tolerable state of preservation, sufficient to enable one to form an idea of what a triumph of decorative art they were. Nothing could be more profusely ornamented than the northern portal; it was composed of semicircular arches, receding in succession and diminishing in size as they recede into the body of the building; the exterior arch being about twelve feet by eleven, and the interior nine feet by six. The four fascia are covered with sculptured representations supposed to be commemorations of royal and noble people connected with the monastery — saints, pilgrims, and knights. The forms graven on these fascia are interpreted in Warner's History of Glastonbury to represent the following subjects. The uppermost fascia is almost obliterated, though still showing a running pattern of tendrils and leaves interspersed with figures of men and animals; towards the centre the sculpture is much mutilated, though something

can be traced like the effigy of a person in long robes seized on the shoulder by a furious animal. Beyond him are indistinct remains of three or four upright figures, and the rest is filled up by foliage. The second fascia is made up of eighteen separate ovals, each of which contained a distinct subject: the first two are defaced; the third contains a person apparently kneeling; the fourth, a female with a head-dress sitting on a couch; the fifth, a female on horseback; the sixth, a man on horseback; the seventh, a crowned personage on horseback; the eighth, the body of a deceased person stretched on a couch, with a canopy over it, the corpse covered, and the head resting on a pillow; nine and ten the same; eleven, a knight in a coat of chain armour, with a pointed shield charged with the cross, indicative of a Crusader; twelve, a regal personage with a flowing beard and in long robes, crowned, and sitting on a throne; thirteen, a knight in chain armour falling from his horse as if wounded; fourteen, a figure like the former, the right arm stretched out and holding a sword which impales an infant; fifteen, the upright figure of a female with a veil, apparently in male costume; sixteen, another body stretched out on a couch; seventeen, unintelligible; eighteenth, a figure of a pilgrim. The intervals between all these ovals are sculptured into foliage. There can be very little doubt that the subjects contained in these ovals were the representations of monarchs, knights, persons, and events connected with the history of the abbey. The fourth fascia is much mutilated; but Warner thinks it referred to some act of munificence, from the canopied couch it displays with a figure recumbent upon it, and representations of angels guarding it. The portal towards the south was on a similar plan to the northern, but with five instead of four fascia. One, two, and five are covered with finely-chiseled foliage; the third is plain; the fourth only partially worked. According to the authority already mentioned, the only two ovals which are complete represent in the first the creation of man, and in the second the eating of the fruit. In the former is to be seen an upright figure with a nimbus or glory round his head, designating the Almighty in the act of calling man into being, and at his feet is man himself. In the latter there is the tree with Satan behind it, and Adam and Eve sitting with the apples. The appearance of these two portals, independent of the interest lent them by Warner's speculations as to their import, is very striking. In their perfection they

must have been masterpieces of that exquisite taste and minute labour which the men of that age devoted to the embellishment of the church. Taking the ruins in a mass, it would be difficult to find anywhere such a specimen of broken grandeur. Standing upon the spot at the extreme east, where was the high altar of the church, the eye wanders down a grand vista of some five hundred feet, relieved in the midst by that solitary, magnificent, broken arch towering up high in the air with rich festoons of ivy hanging about it in lavish luxuriance like the tresses of some gigantic beauty, and far down in the distance are the crumbling remains of St. Joseph's Chapel, the gem of the whole, with its arched windows and profuse decoration, the tops of its walls covered over with straggling parasites, which curl over its brow like the scanty locks of sere old age. And as we reflect that this sacred spot was the cradle of our Christianity; that this building was the mother of our Church; that far back in the bygone ages of barbarism vagrant missionaries wandered footsore and worn to this very spot; planted with their own hands the cross of Christ; built up with those hands the rude rush-covered shed which served as the first temple raised to God in these islands; spent their lives here in preaching that Good Tidings to a benighted pagan people, laid their bones down by the side of the work of their hands, and left their mission to their successors; that in process of time this little community became a mighty power, and that rush-covered shed a splendid temple, whose history is collateral with that of the country for nearly twelve centuries, and now it lies all battered and broken, crumbling away and wasting like human life itself—the mind shrinks appalled at the thought of the vicissitude which brought about so complete a ruin.

"O who thy ruine sees, whom wonder doth not fill
 With our great fathers' pompe, devotion,
 and their skill?
 Thou more than mortall power (this judg-
 ment rightly waid)
 Then present to assist at that foundation
 laid;
 On whom for this sad waste, should Justice
 lay the crime?
 Is there a power in Fate? or doth it yield to
 Time?
 Or was this error such that thou could'st not
 protect
 Those buildings which thy hands did with
 their zeal erect?

To whom did'st thou commit that monument
 to keep?
 That suffereth with the dead their memory
 to sleep,
 When not great Arthur's tombe, nor Holy
 Joseph's grave,
 From sacrilegic had power their sacred bones
 to save;
 He who that God-in-Man to his sepulchre
 brought,
 Or he which for the Faith twelve famous
 battles fought;
 What? did so many Kings do honour to that
 place
 For Avarice at last so vilely to deface?"*

In the neighbourhood of the town is a hill known all over the world by the name of Wearyall Hill, so called (according to the chronicles) because St. Joseph and his companions sat down here to rest themselves, weary with their journey. As the legend goes, St. Joseph is said to have stuck his staff in the earth and left it there, when lo! it took root, grew, and constantly budded on Christmas-day! This was the legendary origin of the far-famed Holy Thorn. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth it had two trunks or bodies, and so continued until some nasal psalm-spoiler of Cromwell's "crew" exterminated one, leaving the other to become the wonder of all strangers, who even then began to flock to the place. The blossoms of this remaining branch of the Holy Thorn became such a curiosity that there was a general demand for them from all parts of the world, and the Bristol merchants, then very great people in their "line," turned this relic of the saint into a matter of commercial speculation, and made goodly sums of money by exporting the blossoms to foreign countries. There are trees from the branches of this Thorn growing at the present moment in many of the gardens and nurseries round about Glastonbury, nay, all over England, and in various parts of the Continent. The probability is, as suggested by Collinson in his "History of Somerset," that the monks procured the tree from Palestine, where many of the same sort flourish.

In the abbey churchyard, on the north side of St. Joseph's Chapel, there was also a walnut tree, which, it was said, never blossomed before the feast of St. Barnabas (the 11th June). This is gone. These two trees, the holy thorn and the sacred walnut, were held in high estimation even long after the monasteries had disappeared from the land. Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm, are said to have given large sums of money for cuttings from

them; so that the "odour of sanctity" clung about the old walls of Glastonbury long after its glory had departed; nay, even the belief in its miraculous waters lingered in the popular mind, and was even revived by a singular incident so late as the year 1751. The circumstances are somewhat as follows: — One Matthew Chancellor, of North Wootton, had been suffering from an asthma of thirty years' standing, and on a certain night in the autumn of 1750, having had an unusually violent fit of coughing, he fell asleep, and, according to the depositions taken upon his oath, dreamed that he was at Glastonbury, somewhere above the chain gate, in a horse track, and there found some of the clearest water he ever saw in his life; that he knelt down and drank of it, and upon getting up, fancied he saw some one standing before him, who, pointing with his finger to the stream, thus addressed him: — "If you will go to the freestone shoot, and take a clean glass, and drink a glassful fasting seven Sunday mornings following, and let no person see you, you will find a perfect cure of your disorder, and then make it public to the world." He asked him why he should drink it only on Sunday mornings, and the person replied that "the world was made in six days, and on the seventh day God rested from his labors, and blessed it; besides, this water comes out of the holy ground where a great many saints and martyrs have been buried." The person also told him something about Christ himself being baptized, but this he could not distinctly remember when he awoke. Impelled by this dream, the man kept the secret to himself, and went on the Sunday morning following to Glastonbury, which was three miles from the place where he lived, and found it exactly according to his dream; but being a dry time of the year, the water did not run very plentifully; however, dipping his glass three times in the pool beneath the shoot, he managed to drink a quantity equal to a glassful, giving God thanks at the same time. This he continued to do for seven times, according to the injunction of the dream, at the end of which period he had entirely lost his complaint. The effect of this story is remarkable. As soon as it was noised abroad, thousands of people of all sects came flocking to Glastonbury from every quarter of the kingdom to partake of the waters of this stream. Every inn and house in the town, and for some distance round, were filled with lodgers and guests; and it is stated upon reliable authority, that during the month of May, 1751, the town contained upwards of ten

thousand strangers. Even to this day, there is a notion amongst the peasantry, more especially the *old women of both sexes*, that the water is good for the "rheumatiz."

After the scenes of violence, the ruthless vandalism which this old abbey has gone through, it cannot be a matter of surprise that so little remains of all its grandeur; but it is a fact much to be lamented, because as it was in its time one of the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the country, so, if it had been preserved intact like its old rival, the cathedral at Wells, it would have have been one of the most important and valuable items in the monumental history of England; that broad page where every nation writes its own autobiography; how valuable we find it in our researches as to the life of bygone times; and yet how little do we appear to do in this way as regards our own fame; how little do we cultivate our monumental history. One of the most lasting evidences of greatness which a country can leave behind it for the admiration and instruction of posterity, is the evidence of its national architecture — its architecture in the fullest sense of the term, not its mere roofs and walls, but the acts which it writes upon those walls, its statues and monuments. There are only two agencies by which national fame can be perpetuated — literature and art. The pen of the historian or the poet may give the outline of national manners and the description of national achievements, but art, as it exists in the extant monuments of the architecture of that nation, gives the representation of the actual life as it was, fills up the outline, and presents us with something like the substance: it does not describe, but illustrate; it is, in fact, the petrified manifestation of the very life itself. We have read much about the splendour of those extinct civilizations of the Pharaohs, and of the marvels of Babylonish grandeur, but what a flood of light was thrown upon our dim conceptions by the resuscitated relics of a buried Nineveh. In Grecian poets and Grecian historians, we make the acquaintance of the heroes and the heroism of that heroic existence; but in the Elgin marbles we see the men and the deeds in all their natural grandeur, petrified before us in the graphic sublimity of motionless life. To come a little nearer our own times and to the mother of our civilization, what a confirmation of the historic tradition of the Rome of our studies have we found under that hardened lava which for centuries has formed the tombstone of Herculaneum and Pompeii. What vivid illustrations of Roman life and Roman man-

ners are continually being discovered in those buried cities; and so of every nation and time it is its history which narrates its glory, but it is its architecture alone which must illustrate and confirm it. There is no fear of the present age of our country leaving no evidence of its power behind it. That evidence is written in indelible characters deep even to the very bowels of the earth itself, through the heart of mountains, over broad rivers, across plains, its scroll has been the broad bosom of the country upon which it has engraven its character truly with a pen of iron; but there is a danger that we shall leave very little monumental history behind us in our architecture. The unborn antiquarians of remote future ages, when they explore the deep ravines with which the country is belted and intersected—if the day should ever come when all other traces of her iron roads are obliterated, or when they investigate those vast underground caverns, the extinct world of her mining operations—when they penetrate through the tunnelled body of some high mountain, or examine the gigantic remains of some broken tubular bridge, will come to the conclusion that these are the relics of a race of Titans. But still we repeat, there is a danger that of our deeds of gallantry, of bravery, and of all that goes to form a national chivalry of the glowing tale that our historians will write for us, we shall hand down no illustration or confirmation in our national architecture. It is the tendency of English art in these days, when a great building has been erected, to decorate its walls, not with the evidences of her own doings or her own life, but to wander to the realms of classic lore and feebly reproduce the history of a life not her own. The architecture in its bare form is true to the national character, but the decoration of that architecture which makes it what it is, the chief art; the natural page upon which it should write its own history is covered over with nothing but historical anachronisms. It will be a problem for future investigators to solve when they grope over our ruins, as to whether England was ever converted to paganism, or if not converted, was divided into two schisms—the one of which maintained and perpetuated the Christian faith, and the other all the glories of the pagan mythology. To take one solitary illustration it may be suggested, as a probable thing, that that extraordinary anachronism which we as a nation have erected behind Apsley House to the honour of our great national hero the Duke of Wellington, will be the means of producing some mischief and confu-

sion amongst unborn antiquarians, that in future ages, when a few centuries will not make much difference, and chronology is disturbed, antiquarianism will be divided, and a fierce contention will ensue as to whether it was Apollo who led the British forces at Waterloo, or the Duke of Wellington who was worshipped at the Temple of Delphi. Our domestic architecture is being gradually vivified by the mode of life. There is more fluctuation than formerly, and in large cities that fluctuation is ruled by the vicissitudes of fashion, speculation, and even by passions which are excited by the fierce competition of the present life—pride, envy, and jealousy.

Mr. Burke has written a very interesting work on the vicissitudes of families; but it is reserved yet for some historic pen to delineate the vicissitudes of neighbourhoods—a subject which may well occupy not only the muse of history, but the speculations of philosophy. To go back, for instance, and commence the investigation at that very remote period when Berner's-street was “fashionable,” and then to trace the flux of *élite* life as it retired before the encroachments of the “genteel” and “commercial”—to resuscitate the long departed glories of Cavendish-square, and show how by some mysterious impulse the tide was suddenly turned towards a south-westerly direction, which called into being a new created world of Belgravia and Cubit Town; and after graphically describing the struggles which this select migratory world maintained to keep its relentless pursuers at bay, to endeavour to fix the time when that struggle was apparently abandoned, and to show how in this unchivalrous age of metropolitan railways and penny boats the strong tide of commercial life has burst through all the barriers set against it, except the impassable barrier guarded by the fair angels of fashion, with their flaming swords, who keep out these bold spirits of the Stock Exchange from the Eden of fashionable intercourse, to make it clear how it has come about that now there is daily discharged from the City—that fabulous place which lies somewhere away beyond the out-works of civilization—a living current which courses up to and permeates through all the domains of high life, which shrinks from its contact though compelled to endure its presence; and then to sketch graphically that anomalous state of things which has sprung out of this invasion—to show us those spots where the marquis dwells in strange propinquity to the merchant and the baron to the banker—a sad medley of

porcelain and pottery — of two distinct classes, each envying one thing in the other, living in close contiguity, with only a thin modern wall between them, going through all the drama of life, with its rejoicing and mourning, its hoping and grieving, its triumphs and its catastrophes, and yet as effectually separated from each other as the beings of another planet from the denizens of earth. This continual and rapid fluctuation of population has had a tendency to vitiate our domestic architecture. In bygone times a man built a house, a solid house, with deep foundations, thick firm walls, and strong rafters, a house made to stand and be used; and in that house he lived all his life until it became associated with his very name, and when he died his descendants lived in it still for many generations, even till they became extinct; it was their birthplace, and they died there; it was the central point, the rallying ground of a great family, where their head always resided, and where they all met; it was a home in the true sense of the word, the basis of the domestic life which has made the English character what it is; but few such homes are ever built now, and the house is fast becoming not a home for generations of the same family, but a temporary, lodging for many strangers.

As regards our church architecture, it must be evident to any one who looks about him that a change is gradually taking place — a change in the nature of a revival. Protestantism, when it purged the Church of many of its impurities, tore away also many of its symbolic attractions. Men will always have symbols, and the best proof of their power and necessity is the haste with which a new phase of religion always hurries to destroy those of its predecessor. All new religions are necessarily iconoclasts: the early Christians were iconoclasts; they tore down the images of pagan worship, but then they substituted other images and symbols of more spiritual meaning. Protestantism, too, was an iconoclast as regards Catholicism, but it contented itself with desecrating temples, pulling down altars, tearing away paintings, but it substituted nothing in their place; it would admit of no allurements in the Church but that of genuine piety, and supplied no attractions for the thoughtless, the careless, the unbelieving, but its bare walls and cold ministrations. This feeling is now undergoing a marked change; we are beginning to see that plainness in externals may conceal a considerable amount of pride and worldliness, and thus Quakers are leaving off their

curious garb, and Methodists are building temples; it is beginning to dawn upon men's minds, at last, that ugliness is one of the most inappropriate sacrifices man can offer to his God, that as in the olden times the patriarchs used to offer up the first-fruits of the field, so in these later times we should offer up the first-fruits of our achievements; the choicest productions of art, science, and every form of human genius should be presented to Him who is the God of all humanity. As we raise up temples to His honour and glory, where we may come with our supplications for his mercy, our adoration of His power, where we may bring our purest thoughts, our noblest hopes, our highest aspirations, and our best emotions; so let us decorate that temple with the best works of our hands as we hallow it with the best feelings of our hearts. The reason given by Solomon for exerting all the power and wealth of his kingdom to decorate the Temple was simply, "this house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods;"* and the approval and acceptance of it by Him for whom it was built is recorded in His own words: "Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place, for now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." And that we may not go to the other extreme as some Churches have done, and do in our day, and imagine that if we decorate our temple with all the choicest offerings we can bring it is enough, and God will be satisfied with the mere offering, there is, following immediately upon His gracious acceptance and approval of Solomon's Temple the solemn warning in His own words: "But if ye turn away and forsake my statutes and my commandments, which I have set before you, and shall go and serve other gods and worship them, then will I pluck them up by the roots out of my land which I have given them; and this house which I have sanctified for my name will I cast out of my sight, and will make it to be a proverb and a byword among all nations. And this house which is high shall be an astonishment to every one that passeth by it, so that he shall say, 'Why hath the Lord done this unto this land and unto this house?' And it shall be answered, 'Because they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, and laid hold on other gods and worshipped them and served them: therefore hath

* 2 Chron. ii. 5.

He brought all this evil upon them."* That is the canon of church building as ordained by God himself—make the church as grand an offering as you can, but keep the ritual pure—fill the temple with all the emblems of His glory, but remember that it is He only who is to be worshipped. Such is the teaching of Revelation, and now we turn to Nature, that boundless temple which God has built up to Himself with His own hands. Had he been a God of mere utility instead of a God of beauty and glory; had he only considered the bare convenience and accommodation of the human race, a proportionate amount of dry land in one place, and a proportionate amount of water in another, would have sufficed to meet all human wants; there was no practical need for the variegated aspect of natural scenery of hill and dale, mountain and valley, of rippling stream and sweet-smelling flowers: but the world of nature was built for something higher than the mere dwelling place of man. It was built as a temple in which he should honor his God, and which was

* 2 Chron. vii. 15, seq.

therefore filled with a myriad of beauties to excite his admiration, to please his eye, to fill his soul with gratitude and joy, and to raise his heart to that God who has given him such a beautiful home, furnished not only with the means of supplying his necessities, but embellished with the choicest beauties of creative power. What is Nature but a gorgeous temple, laid out and decorated by the hand of God himself, with its broad pavement tessellated with endless varieties of verdure, with mountain altars which Christ himself loved to frequent and hallow with His prayers, its long aisles fretted with luxurious foliage pillared with tall trees, which bend their tops together in the matchless symmetry of nature's arch, all vocal with the deep-toned music of rushing waters, and melodies warbled by the unseen songsters of the air, spanned over with the boundless blue ceiling of heaven itself, lit up by day with the sunshine of His majesty, and at night by the stars placed there with His own hands.

Let us whilst we endeavour to get at the truth of history appeal also to Revelation and Nature.

RELIQUIE.

A WILD, wet night ! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay ;
The windows shake ; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet.

The wind raves from the sea !

So let it rave ! My lamp burns bright ;
My long day's work is almost done ;
I curtain out each sound and sight —
Of all the nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand. . . .
Alas ! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, hidden wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand ?

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXI. 1438.

So there it lies ! From year to year
I see the ribbon change ; the page
Turn yellower ; and the very tear
That blots the writing, disappear
And fade away with age !

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there —
A ring of battered Indian gold,
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Not all the treasures of the sea,
Could buy these house-gods from my hearth ;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

—*Public Opinion.*

HOW TO RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS

WITHOUT CONTRACTION.

HON. HUGH McCULLOCH, *Secretary of the Treasury:*

Sir,—There can, of course, be no resumption of specie payments until the Government redeems its legal tender notes, or until these notes are made permanently equivalent to specie. It is more precise, perhaps, to say that so long as the Government keeps afloat its own irredeemable promises, and compels every one to accept these as a lawful tender in payment of debts, there can be no return to specie payments. The moment the Government is ready to redeem its legal tender notes on demand in coin, all persons or corporations who hold these notes for the purpose of meeting their obligations will then hold, in fact, so much gold. In the hands of every one the notes will instantaneously become equivalent to gold. Specie payments are then, *ipso facto*, resumed all over the country. The transition from the present state of things to specie payments all over the country would, in such case, be made without the slightest disturbance.

The pressing financial question is: How shall Government provide for redeeming these notes?

I throw aside from consideration all the interest-bearing legal tender notes. These are held now chiefly for the sake of the interest accruing on them. No great disturbance will result from funding them and cancelling them. And it would be no injustice to the holders nor to the business of the country to compel their being funded, by giving notice that after a certain day they will cease to be lawful tender for debts.

There remain about four hundred and fifty million dollars of naked legal tender notes bearing no interest. These perform the duty in the business of the country heretofore performed by gold coin.

For the redemption of these, I respectfully suggest this plan:

First.—That the internal revenue be made sufficient to meet all the expenses of Government and to pay all its interest, including the interest which is payable in gold. The interest now payable in gold to

be paid in paper, adding the premium on gold at the time of payment.

Second.—That the whole of the customs revenue for the next two years, payable as now in gold, be pledged to the redemption of the legal tender notes. After the two years there may or may not be a small annual appropriation, say \$10,000,000 each year, for the same ultimate purpose of redeeming the notes.

Third.—That the notes be not actually redeemed as fast as the gold comes in, but that the gold be simply set aside and retained by the Government, or in the hands of a commission, pledged exclusively to this one purpose of redeeming the notes.

Two years of customs revenue would amount to \$150,000,000.

The banks of the country have heretofore sustained a circulation of \$300,000,000 on an aggregate of specie in their possession of \$80,000,000, a proportion of coin to notes of less than one-third. This specie of the banks was liable also for their debts other than circulation. The bank notes were redeemable at numerous different points, and were, therefore, for the most part, not at par, except at their own counters; a condition which tended to send the notes home for redemption, limiting so much their circulation.

On the other hand, the legal tender notes are at par everywhere, because they are a lawful tender for debts everywhere. They are all alike good wherever they happen to be. The specie to be accumulated by the Government, as I propose, will be liable for no debts but the notes themselves. All these characteristics and conditions tend to keeping the notes out in general use, and not to sending them in for redemption.

It is plain, I think, that when \$150,000,000 of coin had accumulated at the central point—New York city—pledged exclusively to the redemption of the notes, the Government might then safely offer to redeem them on demand, but not to cancel *

* The present system of paper issues of the Bank of England requires that every note sent in for redemption in gold shall be cancelled. The system has proved defective on only one occasion, during a

them—and that the whole mass of the notes, the whole \$450,000,000, would, their legal-tender quality being still retained, be and remain at par with gold all over the country. With the readiness of our people to understand, and, in the language of Wall street, to discount the effects of any financial process, it is, indeed, not unlikely that the whole body of the notes will have risen in current value to par with gold long before the end of the two years. Whenever this takes place we have specie payments. Our lawful money would then be like the lawful money of England—paper secured in part on a deposit of gold. It would consist of notes that are a legal tender everywhere, except at the depository where coin is placed for their redemption. The fund of coin in the Bank of England amounts in practice to about one-half of the aggregate of notes issued. Our much more extensive territory will probably enable us to sustain the circulation of the notes quite as well on one-third proportion of coin.

My proposition is, *instead of taking in our irredeemable paper money, to leave it all out, but to make it redeemable; to bring up our money to a specie value without lessening its abundance, instead of squeezing it down to the specie standard by making money scarce.*

The legal tender notes are the most convenient and most acceptable form of circulating paper ever given to the use of our people; because they are lawful tender for debts, and are, therefore, always and everywhere at par. There are no little losses to the holder of small amounts by discount on uncirculated money; there is no annoyance to common men by the fear of getting an uncirculated note. If this paper money is to be withdrawn, with the view that bank notes will take its place, we are depriving the people of a better currency for the purpose of giving them a worse one. No system of banking, no legislation can make the notes of numerous separate banks pass current always at par all over the country, like the direct promises of the Government, which are made a legal tender everywhere.

In this way, I submit, the great evils and the distress which have always attended a return to specie payments by the ordinary process of contraction, will be avoided, because there will be no contraction. In esti-

severe drain of gold for export. Just as fast as the gold went out of the country, an equal quantity of legal tender notes were put out of existence. The want felt by the bank at that time was not so much a want of gold as a want of more legal tender notes. The pressure was relieved the moment the Government authorized an extraordinary issue of notes, of which a very small amount sufficed.

mating the importance of avoiding such evils and distress, it is worth while to recall to our attention the fact that these returns to specie payments have, both in England and here, been effected not by means of one grand and conclusive financial convulsion, but by a series of such convulsions, spreading over a long term of years. After the peace of 1815, we had a period of ten years during which there were, both in England and here, constantly recurring money troubles and disturbances, alternating with short periods of deceptive prosperity, until the final severe financial storm of 1825 put an end to the troubles. After 1837, in like manner, we had severe financial disturbances, repeated every two years up to 1849, making fourteen years before we recovered and got into a smooth path again for industry and enterprise. We have no reason to expect any less inconvenience from the process of contraction now. If we can avoid these evils and still get back to specie payments at an early period, the interest of the country and the comfort of the people certainly urge us to adopt such a course.

The legal tender notes are now the only lawful money in actual use; they are exclusively used in the internal business of the country as lawful money, as that medium which finally liquidates all balances and debts. For, although gold is still a legal tender, yet we know that when two substances are both made lawful tender, the cheaper of the two will be used to the exclusion of the other. The only exception is the payments of duties at the Custom-House, for which coin is used. These payments are, in proportion to the aggregate payments and exchanges of the business of the country, too insignificant in amount to be regarded. There is no use for gold now in the internal business of the country; nor will there be after the legal tender notes shall have been brought up by the process I propose to par with gold. The liquidations of the internal exchanges of the country will continue to be made, as they are now, in legal tender notes, and not in coin, after the notes are at par with gold. Legal tender notes will continue to be used for this purpose after they shall have been brought up to par with gold, because it is cheaper and safer and more convenient for bankers and banks to keep them on hand than to keep gold, and because they are less expensive to transport from place to place. There will be no more need of actually handling gold in the internal business of the country than there is now. There will be no use whatever for gold anywhere

in the country for the purposes of our vast internal trade, except at the central point of redemption, at the depository itself. There could no distress or disturbance arise, therefore, if we should accumulate all the gold coin in the country at that central point. One hundred and fifty million dollars is not more than half the total amount of gold coin held in this country so long ago as 1857.

As legal tender notes would continue to be used (exclusive of gold) in the internal business of the country after the Government had accumulated the \$150,000,000 of coin and offered to redeem them, and as, after they had been thus brought up to par with gold, they would be received also in payment of duties, there would, in fact, be few or none of them presented for redemption. The only occasions on which the notes would be likely to be presented for redemption would be when gold was in demand for export. To provide against the fund being at any time materially diminished by such a demand, it may be expedient that even after the \$150,000,000 has accumulated there shall continue to be paid, from the revenue into the depository, every year a small amount, say \$10,000,000. It would only be by a great pressure that any large quantity of the legal tender notes could be gathered out of the channels of business of the country to procure gold for export. It must be borne in mind that even in a time of pressure, as the legal tender notes would be the only thing they require wherewith to meet their obligations, the banks all over the country would be struggling to get possession of, and to hold in their vaults, legal tender notes, and not as heretofore, at such times, struggling to get gold. The desire for gold would be limited strictly to those persons who wanted it for export, and a severe money pressure would limit their power to get it by limiting their power to realize legal tender notes for their goods or their securities.*

The use of legal tender notes in our internal business for liquidating balances has

this advantage over the use of gold for the same purpose, that as the notes can be transported more cheaply than gold, the internal exchanges will be always kept at the lowest possible rates.

What effect would this process have on the credit and general finances of the Government? The very best, as I submit. Every day, as more and more gold came in and was set aside, pledged to this one purpose, the value of the legal tender promises of the Government would be steadily more and more enhanced. Of course, the value of all the other Government promises would be daily advancing in value and credit, until, when the legal tender notes came up to par with gold, the Government would be receiving all its revenues and paying all its interest and all its other debts in paper equivalent to gold, and therefore in gold. The new loans, which in a few years we must make to pay the seven-thirty notes and those which we may make to replace the five-twenty bonds, will, it is obvious, be negotiated on much more favorable terms, if by that time all the revenues and payments of the Government are brought up to the gold standard, and our money market at the same time has an unvarying and abundant supply of money.

The ordinary process of contraction, by funding and cancelling from time to time certain quantities of the legal tender notes, will not, I submit, bring us so quickly to permanent specie payments as will the process I have proposed. We have now \$450,000,000 of irredeemable paper money, representing and sustained on nothing but Government credit. Suppose we fund and cancel \$50,000,000 of these. We then still have \$400,000,000 of irredeemable paper out, unchanged in quality, representing still nothing but Government credit—and so on as we continue to fund and cancel. On the other hand, the accumulation of gold for their future redemption counts daily and hourly on the value of every one of the legal tender notes; every dollar in gold paid in and set aside for the purpose adds to the value of every one of the notes; raises in value the whole mass of them, by giving to each one of them a partial gold value in addition to its value as a Government promise. Nor can we, as I submit, take in and cancel the whole or even the greater part of these legal tender notes within the short period of two years, without producing, by so rapid a contraction, most severe distress. A withdrawal of the \$450,000,000 of lawful money now scattered among the people must be the same in its effects

* If there is doubt of the \$150,000,000 being sufficient against all emergencies, let the accumulation go on for one year more. Then the gold fund would be equal to one-half of all the notes. If there were no bank notes in circulation, the \$150,000,000 would more than suffice. The postponement of the day of actual redemption of the notes by the Government would not postpone the day of actual resumption of specie payment. This latter event takes place so soon as the legal tender notes pass current among the people as equal in value to gold. The actual resumption of specie payment does not take place under this process on a day fixed by decree of the Government, or by a resolve of the banks, but whenever things are ready, specie payments will resume of themselves.

as if, in other times, we had had scattered over the country \$450,000,000 of gold coin, and that had been rapidly drawn away from among us. A contraction in the bank note currency of a country and a contraction of the quantity of lawful money in use in a country, are, I submit, two distinct and different processes, having different results and effects. Bank notes are mere promises to pay lawful money; they are debts of the various banks to the holders of the notes. Whatever is made by law a tender in payment of debt, whatever is used as lawful money, is not, when in such use, a debt, though it may bear on its face the form of a Government debt. It is so far from being a debt, when in such use, that it is the means or instrument whereby all debts, public and private, are liquidated and cancelled. A bank note the creditor may receive or not at his option. Lawful money is in the hands of the debtor a sure resort for him, wherewith he can, without any one's consent, cancel his debt. A contraction in the bank note currency, although it produces embarrassment in the process, leaves the community permanently in a condition of greater strength as against further financial difficulties, because so much indebtedness is got out of the way. But a contraction of the quantity of lawful money in use, while also producing embarrassment in the process, leaves the community permanently weaker as against money troubles, because they have been deprived of so much ready means, so much sure means wherewith to liquidate and cancel indebtedness among themselves.*

It will be said, perhaps, we have too much lawful money now in use; more than our business requires; that \$450,000,000 of lawful money is too much, and that, therefore, the quantity must be reduced. To this I would reply that, so long ago as 1857, we had \$300,000,000 of lawful money (gold coin) in the country. And I would reply, also, that if the industry of the country is now left undisturbed by the distress which has attended all previous returns to specie payments through the ordinary process of contraction, our business will very soon grow up to the convenient use of \$450,000,000 of lawful money for the internal exchanges.

It will be said that this accumulation of gold in the Government depository, this

continued gathering of gold by the Custom-House which is not to be paid out again into the market, will create a scarcity of gold outside in the open market. Granted that it will have this tendency. Such scarcity of gold will not affect the general business of the country; for the liquidation and payments of our general business require no gold. *A scarcity of legal tender notes would be felt in our general business*, but a scarcity of gold would not be so felt. An outside increased demand for gold would affect only the payments at the Custom-House and those persons who have to pay duties on imports. The total amount of annual payments at the Custom-House is, as I have already said, a very minute, a very insignificant proportion of the aggregate business payments and exchanges of the country.

It may also be hastily inferred that this increased demand for gold will cause the price of gold to rise. On the contrary, *under this process, the price of gold must inevitably fall lower and lower, as the accumulation of coin goes on*, until finally the price of gold falls to par with legal tender notes. With every dollar of coin paid in at the Custom-House, and set aside for the sole end of redeeming the legal tender notes, every legal tender note must inevitably and constantly be rising nearer and nearer to the value of gold. Now the price of gold is simply its value expressed in legal tender notes. Whenever legal tender notes are rising towards the par of gold, gold is falling towards the par of legal tenders. The two phrases are but two forms of expressing the same fact. There would be an increased demand for gold, but its price would be constantly receding.

The increased demand for gold, for the limited purpose of paying duties, will be readily and easily supplied. Whenever a necessity is created for any article of commerce, that necessity is sure to be supplied under the operation of the laws of trade, without disturbance, by processes which are scarcely seen or felt, gradually as the demand goes on. When a necessity is created for any commodity at any particular point, it is sure to find its way to that point just as fast as it is needed, and no faster. The gold required will come in, not by jerks and convulsive struggles, but by means of smooth, almost imperceptible currents. The demand for gold may be supplied in part by importing it from other countries, which imports of gold would limit to a very small extent our imports of other goods. No great harm can result from this. It may be

* For these reasons I fear the contraction of lawful money, now contemplated, will be productive of far more distress and be much more severe in its effects upon our energies than was the bank note contraction of 1837.

supplied by its causing us to retain here a larger portion of the gold we ourselves produce. In this there can be no great harm. It will be supplied in a great degree from the hoards of our own country. For those who are disposed to hoard it will see the market price of gold constantly falling lower and lower under this process, and will be anxious to get rid of it. If this increased demand for gold, combined with its constant fall in price, shall induce those of our banks which still hold coin in their vaults to part with it, no harm will result from this. For, as all the debts and obligations of the banks are payable in legal tender notes, the possession of gold by the banks now is of no value to them. The gold now held by the banks is of no more use to the business of the country than if it were buried in the earth; it is, in fact, hoarded.

It is worth while to remember here, that while we are using irredeemable paper money, a larger share of our other lawful money (gold coin) is constantly slipping away to foreign countries than would under other circumstances be exported; also, that a certain quantity of lawful money (I do not say how much) of some kind is absolutely necessary to the stability of business. No substitute for this necessary quantity of lawful money in the shape of bank promises to pay will supply its place. Before we fund and take in and cancel all our present stock of lawful money (the legal tender notes) it is well to inquire how we are to supply ourselves with the necessary quantity of other lawful money in its place, which must be gold coin. I know that the laws of finance, or the laws of trade, or the laws of Nature (whichever we may call them), will, at some time or other, fill any vacuum which we may create. But these laws, when they have been long violated, usually vindicate themselves, and rectify our mistakes by severe and ruinous financial and commercial storms. Is it not wiser for us to gather in the necessary quantity of gold by some such gradual and comparatively easy process as I propose, than to leave it to be furnished at the cost of one of Nature's fierce and destructive financial storms?

By the process of funding the legal tender notes, the Government converts them all into a debt bearing interest. By leaving the legal tender notes out and making them redeemable, the Government returns to specie payments, and yet saves the annual interest on three hundred million dollars.

It may be asked, why accumulate the gold paid in for customs at all? Why not pay and cancel the legal tenders as fast as

the coin comes in? Because the redemption of small quantities every month would not have the effect of putting up or maintaining the whole mass of notes to and at par. The gold so paid out, being worth a premium, would not go into general circulation; the effect would therefore be, in fact, an actual contraction of the quantity of lawful money in use, and fluctuation in the value of the notes remaining out. The process of redemption, if begun at first, would be so slow, and the prospect of selling the gold received in exchange for the notes at a profit would be so probable, that holders of the notes all over the country would be struggling and competing to get in first; there would be a rush of the notes in large quantities to the redeeming point, taking them out of use and disturbing business. If actual redemption be postponed until the whole body of the notes have been first brought up to par, when the fund accumulated is so large as to ensure the redemption of all the notes likely to be presented, there will be no anxiety nor struggle to have them redeemed.

It will be asked, how will this process affect prices? It is obvious that, when we have reached the end of the process and all our lawful money is equivalent to gold, our prices will be expressed in gold, and only in gold. An article of merchandise imported from abroad, and now worth one hundred dollars in gold, and consequently worth in our present currency one hundred and forty-six dollars, will then (all other things that affect prices remaining the same), having its value expressed in but one way, to wit, in gold, be worth one hundred dollars in gold, just as it is now. The owner will get for it just as much, and what will buy him just as much of other things, as he can get now. So of a house and lot worth now in our currency fourteen thousand six hundred dollars; any one now owning such a house would sell it just as willingly for ten thousand dollars in gold as for fourteen thousand six hundred dollars in legal-tender notes; at the end of the proposed process he will get for it ten thousand dollars in gold, just as he does now. This is the worst result that can happen under this process. It is more likely that gold prices will be higher than now; for the process infuses more gold into our business. The change of nominal prices will be made imperceptibly; the prices of all things will be equally affected, so that their relative values to each other will be constantly maintained. Now, when after an undue inflation of prices, the remedy

comes in the shape of a sudden financial crash, the result is panic, bewilderment, fear on the part of capitalists, disposing them to apathy and to abstain from enterprise, and a lack of employment for labor; and it takes a long time to recover our senses so as to put forth again all our energies. A sudden financial crash puts the prices of many things as much below their real value as they were before above it; it disturbs the relative values of things; and it is a long time before they can adjust themselves. After the crash of 1837 the wages of an able-bodied man in crop-time, on farms within sixty miles of New York city, were as low as thirty-seven and a half cents a day; and that for more than one season. Nor was employment at these wages easy to be got. The cost of the necessities of life for the laborer had not been reduced in proportion. An intelligent mechanic who, finding no work at his trade, had at that time to accept these wages, assures me that with himself and every one of his children, (except a mere infant) working whenever they could get anything to do, and at whatever they could get to do, he could scarcely keep his family from actual starvation. The consequence of this undue depression of some prices by a sudden crash, and the disturbance of relative values, is, that things struggle hard to adjust themselves, and again, for a little while, go, some of them, too high; thence soon comes another panic, depressing some things (but not all) too low again; thus we have a series of disturbances before we get right.

The sudden, violent, and undue depression, after undue inflation, begets what mechanics know as an oscillating movement, a movement which, in delicate structures, it is very hard to stop, and which is apt to be destructive. To recover from these distressing oscillations, it took us, after 1837, fourteen years. It is these, the most painful and most injurious to our growth in wealth of the accompaniments of a return to specie payments, that I seek to avoid, and that I believe can be avoided. It is of great importance that, during the process of returning to specie payments, the circulation of property and the general movements of enterprise and industry be kept up to their fullest profitable extent. The circulation of property is essential to maintaining its value; the Illinois farmer finds his corn fit only for fuel unless he can circulate it and supply the East with it for food; railroads and canals are instruments necessary to enable him to do this, and the more of them there are the easier he can do it; but law-

ful money is also a necessary instrument to effect the circulation and exchange of property. The facility of exchanging property is directly affected by the quantity of lawful money in use, that is, by the quantity of instruments for effecting these exchanges which are within reach of the people. The steadiness of the movements of trade (which is circulation of property), is powerfully affected by the character of these instruments; the better they are the more steadily and regularly this great mass of intricate movement goes on. Therefore, lawful money in the hands of the people is better for them than any substitute for it in the shape of bank notes, however well these promises to pay lawful money may be endorsed or secured for their ultimate payment.

I submit this to your consideration as a plan by which we may get back to specie payments at an early period, and at the same time avoid the evils and distress which have always attended a return to specie payments by the ordinary method of contraction. Great evils have, unquestionably, attended the expansion of the currency; the interests of many persons have severely suffered; but this past mischief will not now be remedied by the evils to result from contraction.

By the plan I propose, there will be no contraction of the quantity of lawful money in use during the whole process of getting back to specie payments. We begin with \$450,000,000 of lawful money in use; during the time in which the gold fund is accumulating, the quantity of lawful money in use (none of it being redeemed during that period) remains undiminished; and when the process of accumulation has reached the point where the Government can offer to pay out coin for the notes (redeeming its paper lawful money), gold and the legal tender notes (the two kinds of lawful money) will be at par with each other, so that they will circulate side by side; and the gold, if any, paid out in redemption of the paper, will, being only of equal value with the paper, go into general circulation, thus still keeping our lawful money undiminished in quantity.

I do not touch upon the evils that may result from possible imprudence, partial or general, of the banks. That is a separate and distinct question from the question of how to deal with the Government paper. Imprudent management by the banks will produce the same evils, whether their notes are redeemable in specie or in legal tender notes. This much may be said, however; that the banks will feel the effects

of a severe contraction of the quantity of lawful money in common with individuals, and that, therefore, if we avoid such a contraction, the banks, like individuals, are less likely to be embarrassed.

In conclusion, I submit for your consideration, whether, by diminishing the quantity of lawful money at the same time that we are increasing the issues of bank notes (promises to pay lawful money), we would not be lessening the quantity of ballast at the same time that we are spreading more sail; applying influences at the same time at both ends towards toppling over the financial fabric. If contraction is to take place, would it not be better for the people, and safer, to take in the bank note currency and leave the banks to circulate legal tender notes and nothing else?* In that way we shall take in the weaker currency and leave outstanding the stronger; we shall have to contract only two hundred million dollars instead of four hundred and fifty millions; there can be no uncurrent money, no flooding of eastern markets with country notes, no sending home of notes to the interior banks to be redeemed, no possibility of a run upon the banks to redeem their circulation. Thereby, also, the profits on a circulation of three hundred million dollars—equal to twenty-one million dollars a year—will go, not into the pockets of the private capitalists who own the banks, but to the Government, that is, to the benefit of the whole people, and to their relief, to that extent, from annual taxation.

Very respectfully,

JNO. D. VAN BUREN.

THE EFFECT OF KEEPING GOLD IN THE
TREASURY.

NOTE FROM MR. VAN BUREN.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

IN Thursday's EVENING POST your correspondent "Marshfield" says it would be bad faith to set aside the gold received at the Custom-House, or any part of it, for the purpose of redeeming the legal-tender notes, as I propose; because this gold is specifi-

* We are threatened now, if many more bank notes are issued, with this state of things: gold at a premium for legal tender notes, and legal tender notes at a premium for national bank notes; three currencies, no two of them of the same value. By diminishing the quantity of legal tender notes, thereby making them scarce, will we not be helping to bring about this state of financial confusion?

cally pledged to the claimants of gold interest. How, then, will he justify what the government is doing every day, to wit, selling this gold, or portions of it? According to "Marshfield," all of the coin received at the Custom House, beyond what is needed for present interest, ought to be kept and accumulated; being just what I suggest.

By the process which I propose the government does not part with the coin. It simply transfers it to the custody of a separate bureau or commission, for the purpose of ultimately being used to redeem the legal-tender notes. It can be so transferred, subject to the lien of the claimants for gold interest. Of course, if these claimants be paid in gold, no matter out of what resources, faith is kept, the pledge is redeemed, and the lien discharged. Much better faith is maintained, according to "Marshfield's" own view, by the government keeping all the gold, than by selling it from day to day in the market.

Moreover, the government would not, under the process which I suggest, part with a dollar of this coin, so pledged, as he says, for gold interest, until legal-tender notes had come permanently up to par with gold, when the government would be paying all its interest in gold, and when there would be no need of any special pledge about the matter.

"Marshfield," at least in one place in his letter, misrepresents my proposal to pay the gold interest in paper, by suppressing these words of mine: "Adding the premium on gold at the time of payment." This is the way the State of New York paid its interest in gold during the suspension of 1837. The State took care to fix the premium a little above the market price of coin, so that the claimants were quite content. If any one had demurred, the State would simply have gone into the market, bought the coin and handed it over to him. All the out-of-town claimants for gold interest, and many in town, now voluntarily take their pay in paper, by selling the coupons to banks and brokers at the current premium.

Independent of all this, the setting aside of \$50,000,000 a year for the redemption of the legal-tender notes would bring about specie payments soon enough. The customs revenue of this year is so large that after retaining all the gold interest for the year there will, no doubt, be more than \$50,000,000 surplus. If only this surplus of the customs receipts of gold for this year had been set aside and devoted to the purpose which I suggest, we should have made already a great stride toward specie payments. By

merely setting aside the surplus gold we should put down the price of gold much more effectually than we do by the spasmodic sales of coin made by the Treasury whenever, in its judgment, the market is too high.

"Marshfield" talks wildly of gold going up, under the process which I suggest, to four or five hundred per cent. I am ashamed to encumber your columns with arguments or illustrations to prove the self-evident truth, that, when legal-tender notes go up in their gold value, gold comes down in price. I ask "Marshfield": If the government were to-night to place in the hands of a commission \$45,000,000 of coin pledged solely to the ultimate purpose of redeeming the \$450,000,000 of legal-tender notes, would the market value of legal-tenders be as low to-morrow morning as it is to-day?

To-day legal-tender notes represent nothing but the government credit. To-morrow, in the case which I suppose, legal-tender notes would still just as much represent government credit as they do now, and they would, in addition, represent ten per cent. of the face of each note in gold coin set aside for its specific redemption. Under the process which I propose, it is a moral impossibility for gold to do anything but come down in price, steadily, regularly, constantly, until it finally comes to par with legal-tender notes. No power in the universe can make legal-tender notes rise in their gold value and gold at the same time rise, valued in legal-tenders; just as no power in the universe can make two men approach each other and run away from each other at the same time.

"Marshfield" speaks of the process which I suggest as being one which hoards gold. Hoarding coin is putting it away out of use. Coin, when in circulation, is not hoarded. The more actively it is in circulation, the further it is from being hoarded. Now, why do dealers in gold to-day deposit their coin in the Treasury and take out gold certificates? Because they can more quickly and more easily hand over the gold from one to the other by handing over the certificate, than they can by carrying the coin about from one to another in bags. The gold, in this way, they find, passes more quickly, circulates among them more actively. Whenever the government shall have \$45,000,000 of coin in the hands of a commission, pledged to the sole purpose of redeeming the \$450,000,000 of legal-tenders, then just as often as a ten-dollar legal-tender note is passed from one man to another, just so often does one gold dollar, lying in the vaults

of the commission, pass from man to man. There is no way by which gold can be made to circulate so rapidly. With the same quantity of gold scattered among the community a large portion of it is sure to be hoarded, temporarily or permanently. The process which I propose, so far from being one of hoarding, is one which will counteract hoarding, and will promote the actual and active circulation of gold. Coin, when scattered, is apt to be hoarded; especially when paper is substituted in general use for it. Coin, when concentrated, with paper circulating which represents it, dollar for dollar, is not hoarded or put out of use.

Respectfully,

JOHN D. VAN BUREN.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

In a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, published in your paper of the 8th November, I submitted to his consideration a method of reaching specie payments, not by contracting the quantity of legal tender notes, but by laying up coin wherewith to redeem these notes; by which process the notes would soon be brought up to pass current as equal in value to gold.

There exists among us a vague dread of large accumulations of coin; although it is easy to show, I think, that coin is never so useful to business in every part of the country, never circulates so rapidly through all the channels of business, is never so little in danger of being hoarded, as when it is gathered together in a heap in the metropolis of trade. There is also a widespread belief that we cannot get along without some kind of paper currency, specially authorized and regulated by law. In deference to these opinions, I limited myself, in my letter to the Secretary, to showing what could be done by providing coin to the extent only of one-third of the amount of the legal-tender notes, and leaving the notes to circulate thereafter, as do the Bank of England notes, sustained in part by public credit and in part a deposit of gold.

I wish to submit to your readers my proposition in another form. The variation is so slight that the reasoning of my letter to the Secretary applies equally to both forms of the proposition.

The shape in which I now submit it for consideration is this: The Government, in order to the ultimate redemption of the \$450,000,000 of legal-tender notes, is to provide that every year, for the next nine years, there shall be set aside, out of the

revenue, \$50,000,000 of gold coin, to be paid over into the custody of a commission, which shall hold it for the sole purpose of redeeming the notes. Certainly by the end of the third year of this process the whole body of the notes will have risen permanently, in their current value, to be equal to gold; more probably this will take place before the end of the second year. Their current value once established permanently at par with gold, the vaults of the commission may be opened at the end of the third year, and redemption be offered. Beginning with a fund of \$150,000,000, and with \$50,000,000 of gold to come in every year, there is no danger of the notes being taken out of the grasp of business and brought in for redemption fast enough to exhaust or even to diminish the fund. Nor, after the process of redemption has begun, can there be any oppressive accumulation of coin in the vaults of the commission. It is possible that, by reason of the currents of coin running into and out of the vaults of the commission at the same time (in, from their annual revenue, and out to satisfy the outside demand for gold), the Government may pay in coin, in the course of the nine years, every one of the \$450,000,000 of legal-tender notes with no greater fund than the \$150,000,000 of gold wherewith it begins. If a larger amount of gold is piled up, it will be because the owners of the legal-tender notes among the people would rather keep the notes as certificates of deposit than have the gold in their own custody; an option which each man may exercise for himself, and of which no other man has the right to complain. The note in the hands of its owner will be doing the work of the gold in the vaults which such note represents, and so the gold itself will not be idle. After the vaults are once opened for redemption of the notes, no just complaint can be made that the process is making gold scarce; for if any man then cannot get what coin he wants, it will be not because of the scarcity of gold, but because of the scarcity of money (legal-tender notes) in his own pocket wherewith to get the gold.

In the shape in which I now submit the proposition, that is to say, with an annual appropriation of coin, continued until all the notes have been provided for, the notes are to be cancelled as fast as they are redeemed. This cancelling of the notes will make no contraction of the quantity of lawful money in use. Because the current value of the notes being already established at par with gold, and this value being sure to be maintained (in view of the continued

annual application of coin to the purpose), gold and legal-tender notes being thus always at par with each other, the gold paid out will go into general circulation, and take the place of the cancelled notes. In fact, before the process is half through, legal-tender notes may possibly, on account of their convenience, be at a small premium above gold; which will all the more ensure that whatever gold is paid out will go into the general circulation.

To those who dread a great accumulation of gold, I would say that if this process were to result in piling up the whole \$450,000,000 in coin in the course of the nine years, the effect would be simply to retain in this country less than our own annual product of gold.

Of those who meet the great question before us by insisting that our legal-tender currency being redundant, there is nothing to be done but to take it in at once and lessen its quantity, I ask: Would it not be safer to first bring the legal-tender notes up to par with gold, and then begin to contract and take them in, so that as fast as legal-tender notes shall be put out of existence gold will be sure to flow smoothly into the general circulation and take their place?

My suggestion will, to many minds, commend itself, in the shape in which I now submit it, much more than in the form which I gave to it in my letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. It will, I think, operate just as kindly and just as gently upon the business of the country in this form as in the other. But in the shape in which it is now submitted, it will have these additional results: The Government will actually pay in coin every one of its legal-tender promises; the Government will directly reverse its mistaken action in putting out the legal-tender notes; as the Government has diseased the circulation of the country by infusing into it its irredeemable paper, so it will in this way provide the natural remedy, by gradually reinfusing gold; and at the end of nine years the Government will be in a position to go out of the paper-money business altogether and to go back in full to the independent treasury policy, taking care of its own money and leaving the people to take care of theirs.

Mr. E. Littell, the proprietor of *Littell's Living Age*, made, in the number of the 1st of November, what appears to me to be a most valuable suggestion. It is: that the government shall at once offer to redeem the national bank notes, by issuing legal tender notes in exchange for them. Since we have already this extra \$300,000,000 of

paper, let it be of the best kind. We should then have but one form of paper money. This would leave us plain sailing. We should have \$750,000,000 of legal tender notes, but no bank notes. This larger quantity of legal tender notes, being one homogeneous currency, could be brought up to a current value equal to gold, at least as soon, under the process which I suggest, and with quite as small an accumulation of gold, as we can now bring up the \$450,000,000 of legal tenders, encumbered with the \$300,000,000 of bank notes. It is true the entire redemption of the legal tender notes would then require fifteen years instead of nine years. But at the end of the fifteen years, by this annual sinking fund of \$50,000,000 of coin, we shall have paid off \$750,000,000 of the principal of our debt, having in the meantime saved a large amount of interest by taking the profits of the whole paper circulation to the government, and having effected the necessary reform in our currency by making it almost from the outset equivalent to gold, and in the end actually reconverting all our lawful money into gold; all this without ruin to the people's business.

There is one consideration connected with this question which I have not seen noticed. It is a necessity, if we would make sure of maintaining the credit of the government, that the currency in common use among the people shall be made permanently equivalent to gold before the lapse of three years. Some men talk of putting off specie payments for five years; others for ten years. The necessities of the government cannot wait. Its credit will be put in great peril from inability to meet its interest. Of our public debt, only the smaller portion now has its interest made payable in gold. In less than three years nearly all, if not quite all, of the interest on the public debt must be paid in gold. There are now afloat \$900,000,000 of seven-thirty notes; some of these come due in eighteen months, all of them within three years. By the terms of these notes the holders have the right to convert them at maturity into five-twenty bonds, the interest on which bonds is, by the express terms of the contract, to be made payable in gold. As the payment of interest must soon constitute by far the largest part of the annual expenditure of the government, it is of the highest importance that by the time all its interest becomes payable in gold, all its revenue shall be made payable in gold or its equivalent. It is consequently of the highest importance that by that time the money in common use by the people who pay the revenue, shall be equal in current

value to gold. It is, therefore, a necessity that we adopt some method which is sure to bring us permanently to general specie payments within three years. We have not time to make a baulk and to recover again. The issue of more bank notes simply carries us farther off from specie payments. Of a contraction in the quantity of legal tender notes, the best that can be said is, that possibly, if rapid enough, it may bring about permanent specie payments within the period when we must resume. It is by no means sure to do so. For the advocates of this immediate contraction admit the chances are at least even that it will produce severe distress and a break-down in business. A general business break-down involves the banks; and a break-down of the banks involves the government money deposited with them. Any financial crash brings with it a diminution of the revenue, both internal and from customs, a depreciation of the government's securities and embarrassment in its making new loans. If we can succeed in withdrawing, rapidly enough, from the grasp of daily business and of those who may then be disposed to hoard them against the day of trial, these legal tender notes, there is, at the least, an even chance of a worse financial crash than we have yet seen in this country. A break-down of the banks will produce one of two results. Either after the banks have suspended payment of legal tenders, the people will continue, notwithstanding, to use the bank notes; in which case we shall have three currencies, no two of them alike in value; the people will, of course, be using the worst; and the taxes of the government will be paid, according to law, in the worst of the three, in the one farthest off in value from gold. Or else, if we throw aside bank notes, we shall simply draw out the legal tenders and be using them and not specie for a general currency. In either case we shall not have reached specie payments. On this road, that of a mere contraction of the legal tender issues, it is at least possible we may make a bad baulk, and be worse off than before. If this contraction be accompanied by an expansion of the inferior currency of bank notes, the chances of a bad baulk are increased.

Suppose we fund one-half the legal-tender notes. What have we gained? We have extracted from the people one-half the lawful money in their use, and to the quantity of which they have got used; embarrassing their business, and making it less sound. We have cancelled \$225,000,000 of notes, and put out an equal amount of gold-bear-

ing bonds, increasing our gold interest by \$13,000,000 a year. And yet, by canceling this one-half, we have not converted the other half into redeemable paper. The half that is out will still be irredeemable paper. Each one of the notes left outstanding will still be a promise to pay gold, for the redemption of which promise no provision has been made. Of course such promises, be they few or many, will be worth less than gold. The notes were at a discount when very few had been issued. Our lawful money will continue to be exclusively irredeemable paper. For, so long as any considerable amount of this paper is afloat, it will have power to keep coin out of use, and to drive gold to an unnatural extent out of the country. Gold will not begin to reinfect itself into the circulation until the legal-tender notes have nearly all been taken in. Meantime, in reaching this point, we shall be all the while more and more pinched for want of enough lawful money to keep business freely going on, and more in danger of a crash from the shrinking of the foundation of the financial fabric.

The customs revenue cannot, of course, be expected to keep pace with our rapidly increasing need of more gold for our annual interest. Our imports have, of late, been stimulated to a very high point, both by the rapid issue of bank notes and the consequent rise in prices, and by the artificial depression of the price of gold, under the spasmodic sales of coin out of the Treasury's surplus. Men who owe money in Europe find, to-day, gold is the cheapest thing to send. If the Treasury had a reservoir of wheat at Jersey City, out of which it spasmodically flooded the wheat market, wheat would be kept artificially low, and would be the cheapest remittance abroad. The export of gold is as legitimate, as wholesome, and as profitable as the export of wheat or any other of our products; provided it be only to the extent of the natural demands of trade. But by the substitution of legal-tender paper, to be used in the place of coin, the business of the country has lost its natural grasp upon gold, and cannot retain our proper share here.

The Secretary of the Treasury tells us, in his speech at Fort Wayne, that our imports are excessive. If this be so, then, under natural laws, they must, after a little while, fall off. When imports fall off the gold revenue decreases. Meantime, the amount of gold interest is increasing. As its surplus grows less, the Treasury will find itself, finally, with no power over the gold market. Then gold may go up with a jerk.

On the other hand, it is clear that when

the Government exhibits an intention to redeem its legal-tender notes, and to begin redeeming them on an appointed future day, the difference in value between legal-tender notes and gold will soon get to be but little more than the interest to the day of redemption. As every day this interest becomes less, gold must constantly fall as the day of redemption comes nearer. It is equally clear that all those government loans on which the interest is payable in legal-tender currency will at once rise in value, and continue to rise. One class of loans cannot rise without improving the market for all the loans.

Whatever financial policy the government may adopt, it is essential that it should be one which is sure to put down the price of gold, sure to keep the price of gold constantly going down lower and lower; which shall tend to increase the quantity of gold to be retained in the country rather than tend to the artificial emptying of our markets of the coin which we may soon need; and which shall be sure to bring the currency in common use among the people, and in which the taxes are to be paid, permanently up to be equivalent to gold before the lapse of three years. If it be not sure to effect these results, it will leave in danger the credit of the government.

Peril to the national credit I look upon as a political peril of the first magnitude.

Respectfully,

JNO. D. VAN BUREN.

SUMMARY OF ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR THIS METHOD.

1. It is the direct path of duty; therefore it is sure to be the safest. The Government has debased our money by making its paper pass for gold; it is the duty of the Government to make that paper equal to coin and to pay it in coin as soon as practicable.
2. It avoids contraction until the legal tender notes can be taken in without ruin.
3. It is both gradual and steady.
4. It is sure to put down the price of gold.
5. It is sure, therefore, to put up our money to par with gold; and this sooner than by contraction. Contraction, when it has taken in one-half the legal tender notes, has not converted the other half into redeemable paper—into the equivalent of gold.

6. It is sure to raise the value of such government stocks as bear interest in paper, and, by sympathy, of all the government stocks ; to the benefit of the government credit and of all holders of the stocks.

7. It is a restraint on the export of gold, now unnaturally stimulated by our use of paper in its stead. It is therefore a restraint on excessive imports, and favors the export of our products other than gold.

8. It is the best earnest of good faith ; for it pays that part of our debt which we are first bound to pay. The legal tender notes are promises to pay on demand. By making them lawful tender, the holders have been always prevented from making a demand. The notes are, therefore, from the outset, dishonored promises. The Government cannot pay them now all at once. The next best thing is to pay them by instalments. In all the other promises of the Government the holder is paid for forbearance of his money by receiving interest ; in these not.

9. It provides the best sinking fund ; one which, at the same time, pays so much of the debt and acts directly to secure the better payment of the residue.

10. Its principle is self-acting ; its results not dependent on the discretion of any one man or any number of men.

11. If our currency is redundant, it will, by this method, relieve itself. The surplus notes and no more, will flow in for redemption. The gold paid out, so much as is not wanted here and no more, will flow out of the country, under natural laws. All which is safer than to have the notes forced in or the gold forced out by expedients. The wisdom of the community, through its business, can alone tell how much currency is needed.

12. The resumption of specie payments will not be forced, but easy and natural ; not at a time fixed by bank officers or by law. It will take place when things have reached the proper point and are ready, that is, whenever the notes pass current with the people as equal to gold. It will come in, under natural laws, just at the right time, neither too soon nor too late, and will, therefore, be permanent.

13. It brings us back to the practice of expressing our prices in gold without a shock. A financial break-down will put down prices of many things, for a time at least, not only below present paper prices, but below present gold prices. This method acts on prices only by raising the value of our present money. Contraction acts upon prices in a two-fold manner : first, by rais-

ing the value of our money, and secondly, by diminishing its quantity and thereby embarrassing the circulation of property. This latter action will depress prices unnaturally. Moreover, this method leaves our business free to grow up to the present supply of money. It also makes gold more and more abundant and cheap in the channels of daily business ; thus in every way tending to ease the approach of gold prices and paper prices to each other.

14. It ensures the government that its whole annual revenue will become payable in gold or its equivalent before its annual interest has all to be paid in gold.

15. The result of this plan will be that for all legal tender notes not sent in for redemption there will be in the depository an equal amount of gold. The notes will then be not mere promises to pay, but certificates of deposit, representing gold. There are objections to the government issuing paper promises to circulate ; but none to its being a custodian of coin and issuing certificates therefor. It is such custodian constantly in the Mint. The final result may be a permanent depository, to which private parties can bring gold and receive certificates therefor ; when these certificates represent, all of them, an equal amount of coin, they will pass as equal to coin and command coin not only all over this country, but in many other parts of the world, tending powerfully towards making this country the centre and the mistress of the world's exchanges and the world's commerce.

16. The first step of the government on a road which, like this one, is direct and continuous to specie payments and which, leads, at no great distance, to a point where the government will be paying all its obligations in gold or its equivalent—the first step the government takes on this road must greatly strengthen its credit in the specie-payment countries of Europe. My own impression is that very soon after this process is begun, government stocks will sell for as much in gold as they now sell for in paper ; that is to say, that a long bond with six per cent. interest will sell at par in gold. No one doubts our ability to pay ; the doubt is of our firm and wise use of means.

J. D. V. B.

I subjoin a copy of Mr. E. Littell's suggestion to which I have alluded, and of the table with which he accompanied it. His suggestion is, in my judgment, of very great value, and will, if acted upon, contribute powerfully to the great work of getting

our currency back to a sound condition. The table is well worth being studied by our people. It shows how the tax-payers are robbed for the private benefit of the national banks. The banks issue notes and make interest on these; the notes are secured by Government bonds; that is, the notes are endorsed by the people, and the Government pays the bank interest on the bonds. So that the banks get double interest on the capital they so employ. In private business a man sometimes pays a neighbor to endorse his note; but no man is fool enough to pay for the privilege of putting his own name on his neighbor's note. Yet this our people are made to do in the case of the national banks.

The people's credit is lent to the banks, but no part of the profit on the use of their credit comes back to the people. The table shows that the interest out of which the people is thus robbed amounts in forty years to over \$2,700,000,000, or about enough to pay our whole national debt.

If Mr. Littell's suggestion were carried out, the operation would be this: the Government would give, to every man who now holds a national bank note, something better in exchange for it; to wit, a greenback. The Government then asks the banks to pay their notes. The banks surrender back, in payment, the Government bonds. The Government then has \$300,000,000 of its own bonds, which it may burn up and cancel, stopping \$18,000,000 a year of interest and consequently of taxes upon the people.

Besides this, the banks have always a large amount of Government money, that is, of the people's money, deposited with them, on which they pay no interest to the Government but on which they take good care, to make interest for themselves by lending it out: and all this money is moreover always in more or less danger of being lost to the Government forever, by failure of the banks. The interest thus got out of the people's money by the banks is over and above what is included in Mr. Littell's table.

JNO. D. VAN BUREN.

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[LETTER FROM E. LITTELL TO JOHN D. VAN BUREN, ESQ.

BOSTON, 6 Dec., 1865.

PAPER money is a necessity. We must

have it. The States have no right to make it directly or indirectly. The attempt to issue it through a corporation (U. S. Bank) has been decided against. Shall the United States supply the place of that single corporation by 2,000 others, or shall it directly provide for this necessity of trade? Shall it give the profit away, or make a *sinking fund* of it? This profit is sufficient to pay the whole debt in 40 years.

In answer to these questions of State, I would adopt the tried system of the Bank of England — except that I would execute it without the intervention of a Bank of the United States.

As the *first* step to a solid permanent system, a system which has so long been successfully carried out in England, I would second your recommendation of reserving 75 millions a year in gold for the redemption of the Green Backs at the end of two years. Probably it would then be found that 300 millions would permanently remain in circulation, being equal to gold in value and more convenient. On this 300 millions we should have no interest to pay.

Secondly, I would propose that the United States should begin at once to withdraw the "National Bank" notes by giving Green Backs or U. S. stocks for them, and having paid the 300 millions, should so far cancel the U. S. bonds belonging to the Banks, and now held by the Treasury. There would then be, as there is now, a total of 750 millions of currency, *all of one kind*. There would be no increase of the total. But there is too much of it, and 300 millions should be gradually funded by the U. S.

This contraction going on, promoting your views of redemption in coin at the end of two years, would (as it seems to me) when joined to the moral effect of your prospective law for payment, be certain to make the Green Backs equal to gold at the end of two years.

Then the ground would be cleared for the *Permanent Currency*, which should be *U. S. drafts upon the Sub-Treasury at New-York, for Gold*. And then if a man want gold he will carry a *Gold Note* to that treasury, and be paid in gold. Or if he needs Gold Notes, he will carry Gold to it, and receive them. Thus forever making the supply and demand equal. These Gold Notes would not be liable to the Secretary's objections to Legal-tender notes.

The system proposed is of great simplicity, and has been proved. It is *no experiment.*]

WHAT THE NATIONAL BANK SYSTEM WILL COST THE UNITED STATES.

In return we get *nothing*; for the "Green-Backs" are a better and more popular currency than the notes of the banks; which owe their circulation and credit entirely to the *United States Endorsement*.

From 1 January, 1866, to the same date in

1867 the Banks will receive from the Treasury, interest on 300 million Bonds,	18	
1868 the Banks will get Interest on <i>that</i> 1 m. and again on the 300 m.	18	making 19 37
1869 " 2 "	18	" 20 57
1870 " 3 "	18	" 21 78
1871 " 5 "	18	" 23 101
1872 " 6 "	18	" 24 125
1873 " 7 "	18	" 25 150
1874 " 9 "	18	" 27 177
1875 " 11 "	18	" 29 206
1876 " 12 "	18	" 30 236
1877 " 14 "	18	" 32 268
1878 " 16 "	18	" 34 302
1879 " 18 "	18	" 36 338
1880 " 20 "	18	" 38 376
1881 " 23 "	18	" 41 417
1882 " 25 "	18	" 43 450
1883 " 27 "	18	" 45 495
1884 " 30 "	18	" 48 543
1885 " 33 "	18	" 51 594
1886 " 36 "	18	" 54 648
1887 " 39 "	18	" 57 705
1888 " 42 "	18	" 60 765
1889 " 46 "	18	" 64 829
1890 " 50 "	18	" 68 897
1891 " 54 "	18	" 72 969
1892 " 58 "	18	" 76 1045
1893 " 63 "	18	" 81 1126
1894 " 67 "	18	" 85 1211
1895 " 73 "	18	" 91 1302
1896 " 78 "	18	" 96 1398
1897 " 84 "	18	" 102 1500
1898 " 90 "	18	" 108 1608
1899 " 96 "	18	" 114 1722
1900 " 103 "	18	" 121 1843
1901 " 111 "	18	" 129 1972
1902 " 118 "	18	" 136 2108
1903 " 126 "	18	" 144 2252
1904 " 135 "	18	" 153 2405
1905 " 144 "	18	" 162 2567
1906 " 154 "	18	" 172 2739

Here is proof that in 40 years the amount thus gratuitously presented to these *Pet Banks*, would pay the *whole War Debt*.

This calculation is upon the Supposition that the present limit of Bank notes to 300 millions shall be maintained. A clamour is already rising for its extension.

Would it not be better to keep for the *Nation* the profit of its Currency, and make of it a *Sinking Fund*, which would untie its hands, and lift the burden of taxation entirely, in little more than a generation?

This could be done by authorizing the Treasury to issue Green-Backs to all applicants in return for National Bank Notes: the Notes so received to be presented to the Banks for payment; — which would be made out of the 300 millions of Bonds; — which Bonds as received should be passed over to the Sinking Fund. This operation would not in any degree disturb the Currency or Trade.

All which is respectfully submitted to the Treasury Department and to Congress, by

E. LITTELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS AMEDROZ HAS SOME HASHED CHICKEN.

CLARA felt herself to be a coward as the Aylmer Park carriage, which had been sent to meet her at the station, was drawn up at Sir Anthony Aylmer's door. She had made up her mind that she would not bow down to Lady Aylmer, and yet she was afraid of the woman. As she got out of the carriage, she looked up, expecting to see her in the hall; but Lady Aylmer was too accurately acquainted with the weights and measures of society for any such movement as that. Had her son brought Lady Emily to the house as his future bride, Lady Aylmer would probably have been in the hall when the arrival took place; and had Clara possessed ten thousand pounds of her own, she would probably have been met at the drawing-room door; but as she had neither money nor title,—as she in fact brought with her no advantages of any sort, Lady Aylmer was found stitching a bit of worsted, as though she had expected no one to come to her. And Belinda Aylmer was stitching also,—by special order from her mother. The reader will remember that Lady Aylmer was not without strong hope that the engagement might even yet be broken off. Snubbing, she thought, might probably be efficacious to this purpose, and so Clara was to be snubbed.

Clara, who had just promised to do her best to gain Lady Aylmer's opinion, and who desired to be in some way true to her promise, though she thoroughly believed that her labour would be in vain, put on her pleasantest smile as she entered the room. Belinda, under the pressure of the circumstances, forgetting somewhat of her mother's injunctions, hurried to the door to welcome the stranger. Lady Aylmer kept her chair, and even maintained her stitch, till Clara was half across the room. Then she got up, and, with great mastery over her voice, made her little speech.

"We are delighted to see you, Miss Amedroz," she said, putting out her hand,—of which Clara, however, felt no more than the finger.

"Quite delighted," said Belinda, yielding a fuller grasp. Then there were affectionate greetings between Frederic and his mother and Frederic and his sister, during which Clara stood by, ill at ease. Captain Aylmer said not a word as to the footing on which his future wife had come to his father's house. He did not ask his mother to receive her as another daughter, or his sis-

ter to take his Clara to her heart as a sister. There had been no word spoken of recognized intimacy. Clara knew that the Aylmers were cold people. She had learned as much as that from Captain Aylmer's words to herself, and from his own manner. But she had not expected to be so frozen by them as was the case with her now. In ten minutes she was sitting down with her bonnet still on, and Lady Aylmer was again at her stitches.

"Shall I show you your room?" said Belinda.

"Wait a moment, my dear," said Lady Aylmer. "Frederic has gone to see if Sir Anthony is in his study."

Sir Anthony was found in his study, and now made his appearance.

"So this is Clara Amedroz," he said. "My dear, you are welcome to Aylmer Park." This was so much better, that the kindness expressed,—though there was nothing special in it,—brought a tear into Clara's eye, and almost made her love Sir Anthony.

"By-the-bye, Sir Anthony, have you seen Darvel? Darvel was wanting to see you especially about Nuggins. Nuggins says that he'll take the bullocks now." This was said by Lady Aylmer, and was skilfully arranged by her to put a stop to anything like enthusiasm on the part of Sir Anthony. Clara Amedroz had been invited to Aylmer Park, and was to be entertained there, but it would not be expedient that she should be made to think that any body was particularly glad to see her, or that the family was at all proud of the proposed connection. Within five minutes after this she was up in her room, and had received from Belinda tenders of assistance as to her lady's maid. Both the mother and daughter had been anxious to learn whether Clara would bring her own maid. Lady Aylmer, thinking that she would do so, had already blamed her for her extravagance.

"Of course Fred will have to pay for the journey and all the rest of it," she had said. But as soon as she had perceived that Clara had come without a servant, she had perceived that any young woman who travelled in that way must be unfit to be mated with her son. Clara, whose intelligence in such matters was sharp enough, assured Belinda that she wanted no assistance. "I daresay you think it very odd," she said, "but I really can dress myself." And when the maid did come to unpack the things, Clara would have sent her away at once had she been able. But the maid, who was not a young woman, was obdurate. "Oh

no, miss ; my lady wouldn't be pleased. If you please, miss, I'll do it." And so the things were unpacked.

Clara was told that they dined at half-past seven, and she remained alone in her room till dinner-time, although it had not yet struck five when she had gone up stairs. The maid had brought her a cup of tea, and she seated herself at her fire, turning over in her mind the different members of the household in which she found herself. It would never do. She told herself over and over again that it would never come to pass that that woman should be her mother-in-law, or that that other woman should be her sister. It was manifest to her that she was distasteful to them ; and she had not lost a moment in assuring herself that they were distasteful to her. What purpose could it answer that she should strive, — not to like them, for no such strife was possible, — but to appear to like them ? The whole place and everything about it was antipathetic to her. Would it not be simply honest to Captain Aylmer that she should tell him so at once, and go away ? Then she remembered that Frederic had not spoken to her a single word since she had been under his father's roof. What sort of welcome would have been accorded to her had she chosen to go down to Plaistow Hall ?

At half-past seven she made her way by herself down stairs. In this there was some difficulty, as she remembered nothing of the rooms below, and she could not at first find a servant. But a man at last did come to her in the hall, and by him she was shown into the drawing-room. Here she was alone for a few minutes. As she looked about her, she thought that no room she had ever seen had less of the comfort of habitation. It was not here that she had met Lady Aylmer before dinner. There had, at any rate, been in that other room work things, and the look of life which life gives to a room. But here there was no life. The furniture was all in its place, and everything was cold and grand and comfortless. They were making company of her at Aylmer Park ! Clara was intelligent in such matters, and understood it all thoroughly.

Lady Aylmer was the first person to come to her. "I hope my maid has been with you," said she ; — to which Clara muttered something intended for thanks. "You'll find Richards a very clever woman, and quite a proper person."

"I don't at all doubt that."

"She has been here a good many years,

and has perhaps little ways of her own, — but she means to be obliging."

"I shall give her very little trouble, Lady Aylmer. I am used to dress myself." I am afraid this was not exactly true as to Clara's past habits ; but she could dress herself, and intended to do so in future, and in this way justified the assertion to herself.

"You had better let Richards come to you, my dear, while you are here," said Lady Aylmer, with a slight smile on her countenance which outraged Clara more even than the words. "We like to see young ladies nicely dressed here." To be told that she was to be nicely dressed because she was at Aylmer Park ! Her whole heart was already up in rebellion. Do her best to please Lady Aylmer ! It would be utterly impossible to her to make any attempt whatever in that direction. There was something in her ladyship's eye, — a certain mixture of cunning, and power, and hardness in the slight smile that would gather round her mouth, by which Clara was revolted. She already understood much of Lady Aylmer, but in one thing she was mistaken. She thought that she saw simply the natural woman ; but she did, in truth, see the woman specially armed with an intention of being disagreeable, made up to give offence, and prepared to create dislike and enmity. At the present moment nothing further was said, as Captain Aylmer entered the room, and his mother immediately began to talk to him in whispers.

The first two days of Clara's sojourn at Aylmer Park passed by without the occurrence of anything that was remarkable. That which most surprised and annoyed her, as regarded her own position, was the coldness of all the people around her, as connected with the actual fact of her engagement. Sir Anthony was very courteous to her, but had never as yet once alluded to the fact that she was to become one of his family as his daughter-in-law. Lady Aylmer called her Miss Amedroz, — using the name with a peculiar emphasis, as though determined to show that Miss Amedroz was to be Miss Amedroz as far as any one at Aylmer Park was concerned, — and treated her almost as though her presence in the house was intrusive. Belinda was as cold as her mother in her mother's presence ; but when alone with Clara would thaw a little. She, in her difficulty, studiously avoided calling the new-comer by any name at all. As to Captain Aylmer, it was manifest to Clara that he was suffering almost more than she suffered herself. His position was so pain-

ful that she absolutely pitied him for the misery to which he was subjected by his own mother. They still called each other Frederic and Clara, and that was the only sign of special friendship which manifested itself between them. And Clara, though she pitied him, could not but learn to despise him. She had hitherto given him credit at any rate for a will of his own. She had believed him to be a man able to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. But now she perceived him to be so subject to his mother that he did not dare to call his heart his own. What was to be the end of it all? And if there could only be one end, would it not be well that that end should be reached at once, so that she might escape from her purgatory?

But on the afternoon of the third day there seemed to have come a change over Lady Aylmer. At lunch she was especially civil,—civil to the extent of picking out herself for Clara, with her own fork, the breast of a hashed fowl from a dish that was before her. This she did with considerable care,—I may say, with a show of care; and then, though she did not absolutely call Clara by her Christian name, she did call her "my dear." Clara saw it all, and felt that the usual placidity of the afternoon would be broken by some special event. At three o'clock, when the carriage as usual came to the door, Belinda was out of the way, and Clara was made to understand that she and Lady Aylmer were to be driven out without any other companion. "Belinda is a little busy, my dear. So, if you don't mind, we'll go alone." Clara of course assented, and got into the carriage with a conviction that now she would hear her fate. She was rather inclined to think that Lady Aylmer was about to tell her that she had failed in obtaining the approbation of Aylmer Park, and that she must be returned as goods of a description inferior to the order given. If such were the case, the breast of the chicken had no doubt been administered as consolation. Clara had endeavoured, since she had been at Aylmer Park, to investigate her own feelings in reference to Captain Aylmer; but had failed, and knew that she had failed. She wished to think that she loved him, as she could not endure the thought of having accepted a man whom she did not love. And she told herself that he had done nothing to forfeit her love. A woman who really loves will hardly allow that her love should be forfeited by any fault. True love breeds forgiveness for all faults. And, after all, of

what fault had Captain Aylmer been guilty? He had preached to her out of his mother's mouth. That had been all! She had first accepted him, and then rejected him, and then accepted him again; and now she would fain be firm, if firmness were only possible to her. Nevertheless, if she were told that she was to be returned as inferior, she would hold up her head under such disgrace as best she might, and would not let the tidings break her heart.

"My dear," said Lady Aylmer, as soon as the trotting horses and rolling wheels made noise enough to prevent her words from reaching the servants on the box, "I want to say a few words to you;—and I think that this will be a good opportunity."

"A very good opportunity," said Clara.

"Of course, my dear, you are aware that I have heard of something going on between you and my son Frederic." Now that Lady Aylmer had taught herself to call Clara "my dear," it seemed that she could hardly call her so often enough.

"Of course I know that Captain Aylmer has told you of our engagement. But for that, I should not be here."

"I don't know how that might be," said Lady Aylmer; "but at any rate, my dear, he has told me that since the day of my sister's death there has been—in point of fact, a sort of engagement."

"I don't think Captain Aylmer has spoken of it in that way."

"In what way? Of course he has not said a word that was not nice and lover-like, and all that sort of thing. I believe he would have done anything in the world that his aunt had told him; and as to his"—

"Lady Aylmer!" said Clara, feeling that her voice was almost trembling with anger, "I am sure you cannot intend to be unkind to me?"

"Certainly not."

"Or to insult me?"

"Insult you, my dear! You should not use such strong words, my dear; indeed you should not. Nothing of the kind is near my thoughts."

"If you disapprove of my marrying your son, tell me so at once, and I shall know what to do."

"It depends, my dear;—it depends on circumstances, and that is just why I want to speak to you."

"Then tell me the circumstances,—though indeed I think it would have been better if they could have been told to me by Captain Aylmer himself."

"There, my dear, you must allow me to judge. As a mother, of course I am anxious for my son. Now Frederic is a poor man. Considering the kind of society in which he has to live, and the position which he must maintain as a Member of Parliament, he is a very poor man."

This was an argument which Clara certainly had not expected that any of the Aylmer family would descend to use. She had always regarded Captain Aylmer as a rich man since he had inherited Mrs. Winterfield's property, knowing that previously to that he had been able to live in London as rich men usually do live. "Is he?" said she. "It may seem odd to you, Lady Aylmer, but I do not think that a word has ever passed between me and your son as to the amount of his income."

"Not odd at all, my dear. Young ladies are always thoughtless about those things, and when they are looking to be married think that money will come out of the skies."

"If you mean that I have been looking to be married"—

"Well;—expecting. I suppose you have been expecting it." Then she paused; but as Clara said nothing she went on. "Of course, Frederic has got my sister's moiety of the Perivale property;—about eight hundred a year, or something of that sort, when all deductions are made. He will have the other moiety when I die, and if you and he can be satisfied to wait for that event,—which may not perhaps be very long"— Then there was another pause, indicative of the melancholy natural to such a suggestion, during which Clara looked at Lady Aylmer, and made up her mind that her ladyship would live for the next twenty-five years at least. "If you can wait for that," she continued, "it may be all very well, and though you will be poor people, in Frederic's rank of life, you will be able to live."

"That will be so far fortunate," said Clara.

"But you'll have to wait," said Lady Aylmer, turning upon her companion almost fiercely. "That is, you certainly will have to do so if you are to depend upon Frederic's income alone."

"I have nothing of my own,—as he knows; absolutely nothing."

"That does not seem to be quite so clear," said Lady Aylmer, speaking now very cautiously,—or rather with a purpose of great caution; "I don't think that that is quite so clear. Frederic has been telling me that there seems to be some sort of a

doubt about the settlement of the Belton estate."

"There is no sort of doubt whatsoever;—no shadow of a doubt. He is quite mistaken."

"Don't be in such a hurry, my dear. It is not likely that you yourself should be a very good lawyer."

"Lady Aylmer, I must be in a hurry lest there should be any mistake about this. There is no question here for lawyers. Frederic must have been misled by a word or two which I said to him with quite another purpose. Everybody concerned knows that the Belton estate goes to my cousin Will. My poor father was quite aware of it."

"That is all very well; and pray remember, my dear, that you need not attack me in this way. I am endeavouring, if possible, to arrange the accomplishment of your own wishes. It seems that Mr. Belton himself does not claim the property."

"There is no question of claiming. Because he is a man more generous than any other person in the world,—romantically generous, he has offered to give me the property which was my father's for his lifetime; but I do not suppose that you would wish, or that Captain Aylmer would wish, that I should accept such an offer as that." There was a tone in her voice as she said this, and a glance in her eye as she turned her face full upon her companion, which almost prevailed against Lady Aylmer's force of character.

"I really don't know, my dear," said Lady Aylmer. "You are so violent."

"I certainly am eager about this. No consideration on earth would induce me to take my cousin's property from him."

"It always seemed to me that that entail was a most unfair proceeding."

"What would it signify even if it were,—which it was not? Papa got certain advantages on those conditions. But what can all that matter? It belongs to Will Belton."

Then there was another pause, and Clara thought that that subject was over between them. But Lady Aylmer had not as yet completed her purpose. "Shall I tell you, my dear, what I think you ought to do?"

"Certainly, Lady Aylmer; if you wish it."

"I can at any rate tell you what it would become any young lady to do under such circumstances. I suppose you will give me credit for knowing as much as that. Any young lady placed as you are would be recommended by her friends,—if she had

friends able and fit to give her advice, — to put the whole matter into the hands of her natural friends and her lawyer together. Hear me out, my dear, if you please. At least you can do that for me, as I am taking a great deal of trouble on your behalf. You should let Frederic see Mr. Green. I understand that Mr. Green was your father's lawyer. And then Mr. Green can see Mr. Belton. And so the matter can be arranged. It seems to me, from what I hear, that in this way, and in this way only, something can be done as to the proposed marriage. In no other way can anything be done."

Then Lady Aylmer had finished her argument, and throwing herself back into the carriage, seemed to intimate that she desired no reply. She had believed and did believe that her guest was so intent upon marrying her son, that no struggle would be regarded as too great for the achievement of that object. And such belief was natural on her part. Mothers always so think of girls engaged to their sons, and so think especially when the girls are penniless, and the sons are well to do in the world. But such belief, though it is natural, is sometimes wrong; — and it was altogether wrong in this instance. "Then," said Clara, speaking very plainly, "nothing can be done."

"Very well, my dear."

After that there was not a word said between them till the carriage was once more within the park. Then Lady Aylmer spoke again. "I presume you see, my dear, that under these circumstances any thought of marriage between you and my son must be quite out of the question, — at any rate for a great many years."

"I will speak to Captain Aylmer about it, Lady Aylmer."

"Very well, my dear. So do. Of course he is his own master. But he is my son as well, and I cannot see him sacrificed without an effort to save him."

When Clara came down to dinner on that day she was again Miss Amedroz, and she could perceive, — from Belinda's manner quite as plainly as from that of her ladyship, — that she was to have no more tit-bits of hashed chicken specially picked out for her by Lady Aylmer's own fork. That evening and the two next days passed, just as had passed the two first days, and everything was dull, cold, and uncomfortable. Twice she had walked out with Frederic, and on each occasion had thought that he would refer to what his mother had said; but he did not venture to touch upon the subject. Clara more than once thought

that she would do so herself; but when the moments came she found that it was impossible. She could not bring herself to say anything that should have the appearance of a desire on her part to hurry on a marriage. She could not say to him, "If you are too poor to be married, — or even if you mean to put forward that pretence, say so at once." He still called her Clara, and still asked her to walk with him, and still talked, when they were alone together, in a distant cold way, of the events of their future combined life. Would they live at Perivale? Would it be necessary to furnish the house? Should he keep any of the land on his own hands? These are all interesting subjects of discussion between an engaged man and the girl to whom he is engaged; but the man, if he wish to make them thoroughly pleasant to the lady, should throw something of the urgency of a determined and immediate purpose into the discussion. Something should be said as to the actual destination of the rooms. A day should be fixed for choosing the furnishing. Or the gentleman should declare that he will at once buy the cows for the farm. But with Frederic Aylmer all discussions seemed to point to some cold, distant future, to which Clara might look forward as she did to the joys of heaven. Will Belton would have bought the ring long since, and bespoken the priest, and arranged every detail of the honeymoon tour, — and very probably would have stood looking into a cradle-shop with longing eyes.

At last there came an absolute necessity for some plain speaking. Captain Aylmer declared his intention of returning to London that he might resume his parliamentary duties. He had purposed to remain till after Easter, but it was found to be impossible. "I find I must go up to-morrow," he said at breakfast. "They are going to make a stand about the Poor-rates, and I must be in the House in the evening." Clara felt herself to be very cold and uncomfortable. As things were at present arranged she was to be left at Aylmer Park without a friend. And how long was she to remain there? No definite ending had been proposed for her visit. Something must be said and something settled before Captain Aylmer went away.

"You will come down for Easter, of course," said his mother.

"Yes; I shall come down for Easter, I think, — or at any rate at Whitsuntide."

"You must come at Easter, Frederic," said his mother.

"I don't doubt but I shall," said he.

"Miss Amedroz should lay her commands upon him," said Sir Anthony gallantly.

"Nonsense," said Lady Aylmer.

"I have commands to lay upon him all the same," said Clara; "and if he will give me half an hour this morning he shall have them." To this Captain Aylmer of course assented,—as how could he escape from such assent,—and a regular appointment was made. Captain Aylmer and Miss Amedroz were to be closeted together in the little back drawing-room immediately after breakfast. Clara would willingly have avoided any such formality could she have done so compatibly with the exigencies of the occasion. She had been obliged to assert herself when Lady Aylmer had rebuked Sir Anthony, and then Lady Aylmer had determined that an air of business should be assumed. Clara, as she was marched off into the back drawing-room, followed by her lover with more sheep-like gait even than her own, felt strongly the absurdity and the wretchedness of her position. But she was determined to go through with her purpose.

"I am very sorry that I have to leave you so soon," said Captain Aylmer as soon as the door was shut and they were alone together.

"Perhaps it may be better as it is, Frederic; as in this way we shall all come to understand each other, and something will be settled."

"Well, yes; perhaps that will be best."

"Your mother has told me that she disapproves of our marriage."

"No; not that, I think. I don't think she can have quite said that."

"She says that you cannot marry while she is alive,—that is, that you cannot marry me because your income would not be sufficient."

"I certainly was speaking to her about my income."

"Of course I have got nothing." Here she paused. "Not a penny piece in the world that I can call my own."

"Oh yes, you have."

"Nothing. Nothing!"

"You have your aunt's legacy?"

"No; I have not. She left me no legacy. But as that is between you and me, if we think of marrying each other, that would make no difference."

"None at all, of course."

"But in truth I have got nothing. Your mother said something to me about the Belton estate; as though there was some idea that possibly it might come to me."

"Your cousin himself seemed to think so."

"Frederic, do not let us deceive ourselves. There can be nothing of the kind. I could not accept any portion of the property from my cousin,—even though our marriage were to depend upon it."

"Of course it does not."

"But if your means are not sufficient for your wants I am quite ready to accept that reason as being sufficient for breaking our engagement."

"There need be nothing of the kind."

"As for waiting for the death of another person,—for your mother's death, I should think it very wrong. Of course, if our engagement stands there need be no hurry; but—some time should be fixed." Clara as she said this felt that her face and forehead were suffused with a blush; but she was determined that it should be said, and the words were pronounced.

"I quite think so too," said he.

"I am glad that we agree. Of course, I will leave it to you to fix the time."

"You do not mean at this very moment?" said Captain Aylmer, almost aghast.

"No; I did not mean that."

"I'll tell you what. I'll make a point of coming down at Easter. I wasn't sure about it before, but now I will be. And then it shall be settled."

Such was the interview; and on the next morning Captain Aylmer started for London. Clara felt aware that she had not done or said all that should have been done and said; but, nevertheless, a step in the right direction had been taken.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE AYLMER PARK HASHED CHICKEN COMES TO AN END.

EASTER in this year fell about the middle of April, and it still wanted three weeks of that time when Captain Aylmer started for London. Clara was quite alive to the fact that the next three weeks would not be a happy time for her. She looked forward, indeed, to so much wretchedness during this period, that the days as they came were not quite so bad as she had expected them to be. At first Lady Aylmer said little or nothing to her. It seemed to be agreed between them that there was to be war, but that there was no necessity for any of the actual operations of war during the absence of Captain Aylmer. Clara had become

Miss Amedroz again; and though an offer to be driven out in the carriage was made to her every day, she was in general able to escape the infliction;—so that at last it came to be understood that Miss Amedroz did not like carriage exercise. “She has never been used to it,” said Lady Aylmer to her daughter. “I suppose not,” said Belinda; “but if she wasn’t so very cross she’d enjoy it just for that reason.” Clara sometimes walked about the grounds with Belinda, but on such occasions there was hardly anything that could be called conversation between them, and Frederic Aylmer’s name was never mentioned.

Captain Aylmer had not been gone many days before she received a letter from her cousin, in which he spoke with absolute certainty of his intention of giving up the estate. He had, he said, consulted Mr. Green, and the thing was to be done. “But it will be better, I think,” he went on to say, “that I should manage it for you till after your marriage. I simply mean what I say. You are not to suppose that I shall interfere in any way afterwards. Of course there will be a settlement, as to which I hope you will allow me to see Mr. Green on your behalf.” In the first draught of his letter he had inserted a sentence in which he expressed a wish that the property should be so settled that it might at last come to some one bearing the name of Belton. But as he read this over, the condition,—for coming from him it would be a condition,—seemed to him to be ungenerous, and he expunged it. “What does it matter who has it,” he said to himself bitterly, “or what he is called? I will never set my eyes upon his children, nor yet upon the place when he has become the master of it.” Clara wrote both to her cousin and to the lawyer, repeating her assurance,—with great violence, as Lady Aylmer would have said,—that she would have nothing to do with the Belton estate. She told Mr. Green that it would be useless for him to draw up any deeds. “It can’t be made mine unless I choose to have it,” she said, “and I don’t choose to have it.” Then there came upon her a terrible fear. What if she should marry Captain Aylmer after all; and what if he, when he should be her husband, should take the property on her behalf! Something must be done before her marriage to prevent the possibility of such results,—something as to the efficacy of which for such prevention she should feel altogether certain.

But could she marry Captain Aylmer at all in her present mood? During these three weeks she was unconsciously teaching

herself to hope that she might be relieved from her engagement. She did not love him. She was becoming aware that she did not love him. She was beginning to doubt whether, in truth, she had ever loved him. But yet she felt that she could not escape from her engagement if he should show himself to be really actuated by any fixed purpose to carry it out; nor could she bring herself to be so weak before Lady Aylmer as to seem to yield. The necessity of not striking her colours was forced upon her by the warfare to which she was subjected. She was unhappy, feeling that her present position in life was bad, and unworthy of her. She could have brought herself almost to run away from Aylmer Park, as a boy runs away from a school, were it not that she had no place to which to run. She could not very well make her appearance at Plaistow Hall, and say that she had come there for shelter and succour. She could, indeed, go to Mrs. Askerton’s cottage for awhile; and the more she thought of the state of her affairs, the more did she feel sure that that would, before long, be her destiny. It must be her destiny,—unless Captain Aylmer should return at Easter with purposes so firmly fixed that even his mother should not be able to prevail against them.

And now, in these days, circumstances gave her a new friend,—or perhaps, rather, a new acquaintance, where she certainly had looked neither for the one nor for the other. Lady Aylmer and Belinda and the carriage and the horses used, as I have said, to go off without her. This would take place soon after luncheon. Most of us know how the events of the day drag themselves on tediously in such a country house as Aylmer Park,—a country house in which people neither read, nor flirt, nor gamble, nor smoke, nor have resort to the excitement of any special amusement. Lunch was on the table at half-past one, and the carriage was at the door at three. Eating and drinking and the putting on of bonnets occupied the hour and a half. From breakfast to lunch Lady Aylmer, with her old “front,” would occupy herself with her household accounts. For some days after Clara’s arrival she put on her new “front” before lunch; but of late,—since the long conversation in the carriage,—the new “front” did not appear till she came down for the carriage. According to the theory of her life, she was never to be seen by any but her own family in her old “front.” At breakfast she would appear with head so mysteriously enveloped,—with such a be-

wilderment of morning caps, that old "front" or new "front" was all the same. When Sir Anthony perceived this change,—when he saw that Clara was treated as though she belonged to Aylmer Park, then he told himself that his son's marriage with Miss Amedroz was to be ; and, as Miss Amedroz seemed to him to be a very pleasant young woman, he would creep out of his own quarters when the carriage was gone and have a little chat with her,—being careful to creep away again before her ladyship's return. This was Clara's new friend.

"Have you heard from Fred since he has been gone?" the old man asked one day, when he had come upon Clara still seated in the parlour in which they had lunched. He had been out, at the front of the house, scolding the under-gardener; but the man had taken away his barrow and left him, and Sir Anthony had found himself without employment.

"Only a line to say that he is to be here on the sixteenth."

"I don't think people write so many love-letters as they did when I was young," said Sir Anthony.

"To judge from the novels, I should think not. The old novels used to be full of love-letters."

"Fred was never good at writing, I think."

"Members of Parliament have too much to do, I suppose," said Clara.

"But he always writes when there is any business. He's a capital man of business. I wish I could say as much for his brother, —or for myself."

"Lady Aylmer seems to like work of that sort."

"So she does. She's fond of it, —I am not. I sometimes think that Fred takes after her. Where was it you first knew him?"

"At Perivale. We used, both of us, to be staying with Mrs. Winterfield."

"Yes, yes ; of course. The most natural thing in life. Well, my dear, I can assure you that I am quite satisfied."

"Thank you, Sir Anthony. I'm glad to hear you say even as much as that."

"Of course money is very desirable for a man situated like Fred ; but he'll have enough, and if he is pleased, I am. Personally, as regards yourself, I'm more than pleased. I am indeed."

"It's very good of you to say so."

Sir Anthony looked at Clara, and his heart was softened towards her as he saw that there was a tear in her eye. A man's heart must be very hard when it does not

become softened by the trouble of a woman with whom he finds himself alone. "I don't know how you and Lady Aylmer get on together," said he ; "but it will not be my fault if we are not friends."

"I am afraid that Lady Aylmer does not like me," said Clara.

"Indeed. I was afraid there was something of that. But you must remember she is hard to please. You'll find she'll come round in time."

"She thinks that Captain Aylmer should not marry a woman without money."

"That's all very well ; but I don't see why Fred shouldn't please himself. He's old enough to know what he wants."

"Is he, Sir Anthony ? That's just the question. I'm not quite so sure that he does know what he wants."

"Fred doesn't know, do you mean ?"

"I don't quite think he does, sir. And the worst of it is, I am in doubt as well as he."

"In doubt about marrying him ?"

"In doubt whether it will be good for him or for any of us. I don't like to come into a family that does not desire to have me."

"You shouldn't think so much of Lady Aylmer as all that, my dear."

"But I do think a great deal of her."

"I shall be very glad to have you as a daughter-in-law. And as for Lady Aylmer — between you and me, my dear, you shouldn't take every word she says so much to heart. She's the best woman in the world, and I'm sure I'm bound to say so. But she has her temper, you know ; and I don't think you ought to give way to her altogether. There's the carriage. It won't do you any good if we're found together talking over it all ; will it ?" Then the baronet hobbled off, and Lady Aylmer, when she entered the room, found Clara sitting alone.

Whether it was that the wife was clever enough to extract from her husband something of the conversation that had passed between him and Clara, or whether she had some other source of information, — or whether her conduct might proceed from other grounds, we need not inquire ; but from that afternoon Lady Aylmer's manner and words to Clara became much less courteous than they had been before. She would always speak as though some great iniquity was being committed, and went about the house with a portentous frown, as though some terrible measure must soon be taken with the object of putting an end to the present extremely improper state of things. All this was so manifest to Clara, that she

said to Sir Anthony one day that she could no longer bear the look of Lady Aylmer's displeasure,—and that she would be forced to leave Aylmer Park before Frederic's return, unless the evil was mitigated. She had by this time told Sir Anthony that she much doubted whether the marriage would be possible, and that she really believed that it would be best for all parties that the idea should be abandoned. Sir Anthony, when he heard this, could only shake his head and hobble away. The trouble was too deep for him to cure.

But Clara still held on; and now there wanted but two days to Captain Aylmer's return, when, all suddenly, there arose a terrible storm at Aylmer Park, and then came a direct and positive quarrel between Lady Aylmer and Clara,—a quarrel direct and positive, and, on the part of both the ladies, very violent.

Nothing had hitherto been said at Aylmer Park about Mrs. Askerton,—nothing, that is, since Clara's arrival. And Clara had been thankful for this silence. The letter which Captain Aylmer had written to her about Mrs. Askerton will perhaps be remembered, and Clara's answer to that letter. The Aylmer Park opinion as to this poor woman, and as to Clara's future conduct towards the poor woman, had been expressed very strongly; and Clara had as strongly resolved that she would not be guided by Aylmer Park opinions in that matter. She had anticipated much that was disagreeable on this subject, and had therefore congratulated herself not a little on the absence of all allusion to it. But Lady Aylmer had, in truth, kept Mrs. Askerton in reserve, as a battery to be used against Miss Amedroz if all other modes of attack should fail,—as a weapon which would be powerful when other weapons had been powerless. For awhile she had thought it possible that Clara might be the owner of the Belton estate, and then it had been worth the careful mother's while to be prepared to accept a daughter-in-law so dowered. We have seen how the question of such ownership had enabled her to put forward the plea of poverty which she had used on her son's behalf. But since that Frederic had declared his intention of marrying the young woman in spite of his poverty, and Clara seemed to be equally determined. "He has been fool enough to speak the word, and she is determined to keep him to it," said Lady Aylmer to her daughter. Therefore the Askerton battery was brought to bear,—not altogether unsuccessfully.

The three ladies were sitting together in

the drawing-room, and had been as mute as fishes for half an hour. In these sittings they were generally very silent, speaking only in short little sentences. "Will you drive with us to-day, Miss Amedroz?" "Not to-day, I think, Lady Aylmer." "As you are reading, perhaps you won't mind our leaving you?" "Pray do not put yourself to inconvenience for me, Miss Aylmer." Such and such like was their conversation; but on a sudden, after a full half-hour's positive silence, Lady Aylmer asked a question altogether of another kind. "I think, Miss Amedroz, my son wrote to you about a certain Mrs. Askerton?"

Clara put down her work and sat for a moment almost astonished. It was not only that Lady Aylmer had asked so very disagreeable a question, but that she had asked it with so peculiar a voice,—a voice as it were a command, in a manner that was evidently intended to be taken as serious, and with a look of authority in her eye, as though she were resolved that this battery of hers should knock the enemy absolutely into the dust! Belinda gave a little spring in her chair, looked intently at her work, and went on stitching faster than before. "Yes he did," said Clara, finding that an answer was imperatively demanded from her.

"It was quite necessary that he should write. I believe it to be an undoubted fact that Mrs. Askerton is,—is,—is,—not at all what she ought to be."

"Which of us is what we ought to be?" said Clara.

"Miss Amedroz, on this subject I am not at all inclined to joke. Is it not true that Mrs. Askerton?"

"You must excuse me, Lady Aylmer, but what I know of Mrs. Askerton, I know altogether in confidence; so that I cannot speak to you of her past life."

"But, Miss Amedroz, pray excuse me if I say that I must speak of it. When I remember the position in which you do us the honor of being our visitor here, how can I help speaking of it?" Belinda was stitching very hard, and would not even raise her eyes. Clara, who still held her needle in her hand, resumed her work, and for a moment or two made no further answer. But Lady Aylmer had by no means completed her task. "Miss Amedroz," she said, "you must allow me to judge for myself in this matter. The subject is one on which I feel myself obliged to speak to you."

"But I have got nothing to say about it."

"You have, I believe, admitted the truth of the allegations made by us as to this

woman." Clara was becoming very angry. A red spot showed itself on each cheek, and a frown settled upon her brow. She did not as yet know what she would say or how she would conduct herself. She was striving to consider how best she might assert her own independence. But she was fully determined that in this matter she would not bend an inch to Lady Aylmer. "I believe we may take that as admitted?" said her ladyship.

"I am not aware that I have admitted anything to you, Lady Aylmer, or said anything that can justify you in questioning me on the subject."

"Justify me in questioning a young woman who tells me that she is to be my future daughter-in-law!"

"I have not told you so. I have never told you anything of the kind."

"Then on what footing, Miss Amedroz, do you do us the honour of being with us here at Aylmer Park?"

"On a very foolish footing."

"On a foolish footing! What does that mean?"

"It means that I have been foolish in coming to a house in which I am subjected to such questioning."

"Belinda, did you ever hear anything like this? Miss Amedroz, I must persevere, however much you may dislike it. The story of this woman's life,—whether she be Mrs. Askerton or not, I don't know"—

"She is Mrs. Askerton," said Clara.

"As to that I do not profess to know, and I dare say that you are no wiser than myself. But what she has been we do know." Here Lady Aylmer raised her voice and continued to speak with all the eloquence which assumed indignation could give her. "What she has been we do know, and I ask you, as a duty which I owe to my son, whether you have put an end to your acquaintance with so very disreputable a person,—a person whom even to have known is a disgrace?"

"I know her, and"—

"Stop one minute, if you please. My questions are these—Have you put an end to that acquaintance? And are you ready to give a promise that it shall never be resumed?"

"I have not put an end to that acquaintance,—or rather that affectionate friendship as I should call it, and I am ready to promise that it shall be maintained with all my heart."

"Belinda, do you hear her?"

"Yes, mamma." And Belinda slowly shook her head, which was now bowed lower than ever over her lap.

"And that is your resolution?"

"Yes, Lady Aylmer; that is my resolution."

"And you think that becoming to you, as a young woman."

"Just so; I think that becoming to me—as a young woman."

"Then let me tell you, Miss Amedroz, that I differ from you altogether,—altogether." Lady Aylmer, as she repeated the last word, raised her folded hands as though she were calling upon heaven to witness how thoroughly she differed from the young woman!

"I don't see how I am to help that, Lady Aylmer. I dare say we may differ on many subjects."

"I dare say we do. I dare say we do. And I need not point out to you how very little that would be a matter of regret to me, but for the hold you have upon my unfortunate son."

"Hold upon him, Lady Aylmer! How dare you insult me by such language?" Hereupon Belinda again jumped in her chair; but Lady Aylmer looked as though she enjoyed the storm.

"You undoubtedly have a hold upon him, Miss Amedroz, and I think that it is a great misfortune. Of course, when he hears what your conduct is with reference to this—person, he will release himself from his entanglement."

"He can release himself from his entanglement whenever he chooses," said Clara, rising from her chair. "Indeed, he is released. I shall let Captain Aylmer know that our engagement must be at an end, unless he will promise that I shall never in future be subjected to the unwarrantable insolence of his mother." Then she walked off to the door, not regarding, and indeed not hearing, the parting shot that was fired at her.

And now what was to be done! Clara went up to her own room, making herself strong and even comfortable, with an inward assurance that nothing should ever induce her even to sit down to table again with Lady Aylmer. She would not willingly enter the same room with Lady Aylmer, or have any speech with her. But what should she at once do? She could not very well leave Aylmer Park without settling whether she would go; nor could she in any way manage to leave the house on that afternoon. She almost resolved that she would go to Mrs. Askerton. Everything was of course over between her and Captain Aylmer, and therefore there was no longer any hindrance to her doing so on

that score. But what would be her cousin Will's wish? He, now, was the only friend to whom she could trust for good counsel. What would be his advice? Should she write and ask him? No;—she could not do that. She could not bring herself to write to him, telling him that the Aylmer "entanglement" was at an end. Were she to do so, he, with his temperament, would take such letter as meaning much more than it was intended to mean. But she would write a letter to Captain Aylmer. This she thought that she would do at once, and she began it. She got as far as "My dear Captain Aylmer," and then she found that the letter was one which could not be written very easily. And she remembered, as the greatness of the difficulty of writing the letter became plain to her, that it could not now be sent so as to reach Captain Aylmer before he would leave London. If written at all, it must be addressed to him at Aylmer Park, and the task might be done to-morrow as well as to-day. So that task was given up for the present.

But she did write a letter to Mrs. Askerton,—a letter which she would send or not on the morrow, according to the state of her mind as it might then be. In this she declared her purpose of leaving Aylmer Park on the day after Captain Aylmer's arrival, and asked to be taken in at the cottage. An answer was to be sent to her, addressed to the Great Northern Railway Hotel.

Richards, the maid, came up to her before dinner, with offers of assistance for dressing,—offers made in a tone which left no doubt on Clara's mind that Richards knew all about the quarrel. But Clara declined to be dressed, and sent down a message saying that she would remain in her room, and begging to be supplied with tea. She would not even condescend to say that she was troubled with a headache. Then Belinda came up to her, just before dinner was announced, and with a fluttered gravity advised Miss Amedroz to come down-stairs. "Mamma thinks it will be much better that you should show yourself, let the final result be what it may."

"But I have not the slightest desire to show myself."

"There are the servants, you know."

"But, Miss Aylmer, I don't care a straw for the servants;—really not a straw."

"And papa will feel it so."

"I shall be sorry if Sir Anthony is annoyed;—but I cannot help it. It has not been my doing."

"And mamma says that my brother would of course wish it."

"After what your mother has done, I don't see what his wishes would have to do with it,—even if she knew them,—which I don't think she does."

"But if you will think of it, I'm sure you'll find it is the proper thing to do. There is nothing to be avoided so much as an open quarrel, that all the servants can see."

"I must say, Miss Aylmer, that I disregard the servants.' After what passed down-stairs, of course I have had to consider what I should do. Will you tell your mother that I will stay here, if she will permit it?"

"Of course. She will be delighted."

"I will remain, if she will permit it, till the morning after Captain Aylmer's arrival. Then I shall go."

"Where to, Miss Amedroz?"

"I have already written to a friend, asking her to receive me."

Miss Aylmer paused a moment before she asked her next question;—but she did ask it, showing by her tone and manner that she had been driven to summon up all her courage to enable her to do so. "To what friend, Miss Amedroz? Mama will be glad to know."

"That is a question which Lady Aylmer can have no right to ask," said Clara.

"Oh;—very well. Of course, if you don't like to tell, there's no more to be said."

"I do not like to tell, Miss Aylmer."

Clara had her tea in her room that evening, and lived there the whole of the next day. The family down-stairs was not comfortable. Sir Anthony could not be made to understand why his guest kept her room, — which was not odd, as Lady Aylmer was very sparing in the information she gave him; and Belinda found it to be impossible to sit at table, or to say a few words to her father and mother, without showing at every moment her consciousness that a crisis had occurred. By the next day's post the letter to Mrs. Askerton was sent, and at the appointed time Captain Aylmer arrived. About an hour after he entered the house, Belinda went up-stairs with a message from him;—would Miss Amedroz see him? Miss Amedroz would see him, but made it a condition of doing so that she should not be required to meet Lady Aylmer. "She need not be afraid," said Lady Aylmer. "Unless she sends me a full apology, with a promise that she will have no further intercourse whatever with

that woman, I will never willingly see her again." A meeting was therefore arranged between Captain Aylmer and Miss Amedroz in a sitting-room up-stairs.

"What is all this, Clara?" said Captain Aylmer, at once.

"Simply this,—that your mother has insulted me most wantonly."

"She says that it is you who have been uncourteous to her."

"Be it so;—you can of course believe whichever you please, and it is desirable, no doubt, that you should prefer to believe your mother."

"But I do not wish there to be any quarrel."

"But there is a quarrel, Captain Aylmer, and I must leave your father's house. I cannot stay here after what has taken place. Your mother told me—; I cannot tell you what she told me, but she made against me just those accusations which she knew it would be the hardest for me to bear."

"I'm sure you have mistaken her."

"No; I have not mistaken her."

"And where do you propose to go?"

"To Mrs. Askerton."

"Oh, Clara!"

"I have written to Mrs. Askerton to ask her to receive me for awhile. Indeed, I may almost say that I had no other choice."

"If you go there, Clara, there will be an end to everything."

"And there must be an end of what you call everything, Captain Aylmer," said she, smiling. "It cannot be for your good to bring into your family a wife of whom your mother would think so badly as she thinks of me."

There was a great deal said, and Captain

Aylmer walked very often up and down the room, endeavouring to make some arrangement which might seem in some sort to appease his mother. Would Clara only allow a telegram to be sent to Mrs. Askerton, to explain that she had changed her mind? But Clara would allow no such telegram to be sent, and on that evening she packed up all her things. Captain Aylmer saw her again and again, sending Belinda backwards and forwards, and making different appointments up to midnight; but it was all to no purpose, and on the next morning she took her departure alone in the Aylmer Park carriage for the railway station. Captain Aylmer had proposed to go with her; but she had so stoutly declined his company that he was obliged to abandon his intention. She saw neither of the ladies on that morning, but Sir Anthony came out to say a word of farewell to her in the hall.

"I am very sorry for all this," said he.

"It is a pity," said Clara; "but it cannot be helped. Good-bye, Sir Anthony."

"I hope we may meet again under pleasanter circumstances," said the baronet.

To this Clara made no reply, and was then handed into the carriage by Captain Aylmer.

"I am so bewildered," said he, "that I cannot now say anything definite, but I shall write to you, and probably follow you."

"Do not follow me, pray, Captain Aylmer," said she. Then she was driven to the station; and as she passed through the lodges of the park entrance she took what she intended to be a final farewell of Aylmer Park.

Weybridge, Nov. 28, 1865.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN LOCKE.—Fifteen years ago you inserted in your columns a letter entitled "A Pilgrimage to the Grave of Locke." The chief purpose of that letter was to call the attention of the public, or of those more nearly concerned, to the ruinous and decaying state of the modest tomb which covered the ashes of a man unsurpassed for wisdom and virtue.

In those fifteen years what sums have been spent in the endeavour to perpetuate reputations of the day, and to honour second-rate merit! Yet the small sum required to keep from utter demolition the plain stone which has, and needs,

no other inscription than the name of JOHN LOCKE, has till now not been forthcoming.

A few admirers of the illustrious and venerable man have at length repaired this neglect, and removed this scandal. You will learn with satisfaction that the grave has been repaired and restored, with the most scrupulous adherence to the august simplicity which makes it so fit to cover the remains of Locke.

Among the names of the few contributors to this holy work it is pleasant to find those of Victor Consin and Barthélémy St-Hilaire, "grateful," as they say, "for the opportunity afforded them of showing their reverence for Locke."

S. A.

From the Saturday Review.

A MARITIME CONGRESS.*

THE last accounts from America suggest that very probably the discussion between England and the United States may simply die away, because neither party can convince the other, and may leave behind it on the other side of the Atlantic a feeling of bitterness and a sense of injury which will be very much to be regretted. That the Government or the people of the United States will go to war about the *Alabama* claims is in the highest degree unlikely; but the impression, it is to be feared, may prevail that England did not do her duty in the matter, and instead of owning this and expressing regret, justified herself, and was too proud to be penitent. The Americans will not wish to make war on England for letting the *Alabama* escape; but they will wait with eager expectation for the day of retribution, when England shall be engaged in a war while the United States are neutral, and then avenging *Alabamas* will be suffered to escape from American ports, and be let loose on our mercantile marine. It will not be fair on us that this should be done, for, as we subsequently adopted much more rigorous precautions against the issue of cruisers than we took in the case of the *Alabama*, it is hard that we should not have the benefit of our right-doing, and be judged by the many instances where our vigilance was unimpeachable, rather than by the one case where, if judged by the standard of our own later acts, we were in some slight measure remiss. Nor would the Americans judge us in the least harshly if we would but own that we were in fault with regard to the *Alabama*. But technically we were right, even in this instance; and it is difficult, when we were right, to own that we were wrong, although, perhaps, we should do no harm by stating, a little more plainly than Lord RUSSELL has done, that in this case we acted on the rule which the American Government had laid down, that legal evidence sufficient to convict must be provided before a vessel could be detained, but that, as this was found insufficient, we laid down a new rule. It is highly undesirable that the matter should simply end in our seeming to uphold the rule on which we acted in the case of the *Alabama*. If con-

clusive legal evidence is to be offered by the agents of the English Government before cruisers intended to act against us are detained in American ports, every sea will swarm with Yankee *Alabamas*. When the American Government finds that we will not refer the *Alabama* case to the proposed Commission, it may very probably decline any further discussion, merely reasserting and reserving its claim for an indemnity for the losses which the *Alabama* inflicted. Our only hope, in that event, of getting some general rules laid down that would be fair both to belligerents and neutrals, would be in trying to get a Congress of the maritime nations to examine into and decide on the whole subject. There would be some difficulty in getting such a Congress to meet; and it is to be feared that the Congress, from the inherent intricacies of the question, would find it hard to come to a decision; but still it is of such paramount importance that another great war should not break out before we have a clear notion as to what we can ask as belligerents, or what we ought to do as neutrals, that it is worth while to examine what a Maritime Congress could do if it were called together.

The Congress might, in the first instance, lay down that it is the duty of a neutral to detain a suspected vessel when there is a reasonable presumption that further evidence against the ship is procurable, and that this evidence will suffice for a condemnation. It will be necessary that the agents of the belligerent against whom the vessel is supposed to be going to act should collect this evidence, for otherwise the belligerent would have no means of calling the neutral to account if the neutral failed in his duty. The mode of discharging this duty, whether by directions to police, statutes forbidding and punishing the offence, heavy bonds exacted from ship-builders, or other similar means, must be left to the neutral himself; and if the neutral does not do his duty he must be punished, either by war being declared against him, or by his being called on to express sorrow and regret or else by his being made to pay a sum of money as a fine for his negligence. But it is not in this direction that the labours of the Congress would be most effective. Each nation must determine for itself how it will prevent an intended cruiser from getting to sea; but after it has once got to sea, are the duties and powers of the neutral at an end? And this is the main question which the Congress would be called on to determine. At present it is, under the customary law of na-

* [In our opinion there will be no such Congress, until after the settlement of the American claims concerning the *Alabama*. Earl Russell agrees with the Saturday Review that it would be well, by making a new law, to prevent our adopting England's past position.—*Ed. Living Age.*]

tions, taken for granted that the powers and duties of the neutral are over, if not directly the vessel has got to sea, at least as soon as she has received her commission from a belligerent, and become a part of that belligerent's naval force. We have always said that we could not be answerable for what our countrymen did when out of our jurisdiction. We have no means of compelling a belligerent vessel not to use the rights of a belligerent, nor have we any business to interfere with a lawfully commissioned vessel that is engaged in carrying on the ordinary operations of war. A neutral might, indeed, refuse to recognize the commission given to a vessel that had infringed the municipal law of the neutral, but the neutral could not safely pronounce its decision on the validity of a commission whilst the vessel was on the high seas. For, if it undertook to do this, it would then have the duty cast on it of doing it; and a neutral cannot accept so onerous a charge as that of scouring the seas in pursuit of vessels that some one alleges to have escaped improperly from the ports of the neutral. Most neutrals would have no means of discharging this duty, and those great maritime States that could discharge it would be forced to divert their navies from the proper purposes which these navies were intended to fulfil, and would be practically called on to make war; for it is impossible that, if a British fleet were sent out to find, capture, and bring to England a vessel that bore, however wrongfully, a French commission, we could remain at peace with France. It is a very different thing, however, when the delinquent vessel chooses to return into the ports of the neutral. At present it is held that the commission of a belligerent cures antecedent faults, and that one nation cannot exercise control over the men-of-war of another. But a Maritime Congress might easily alter this rule if it thought proper. It might be laid down that the neutral should be at liberty to seize such vessels in his ports; and if he could seize them he certainly must do so, for the notion that a neutral is the judge of the success with which he carries out his neutrality is really illusory, since the belligerent is also the judge when the particular kind of neutrality adopted by the neutral is tantamount to hostility. If it should be thought to be too much like an act of war to seize on vessels of war actually engaged perhaps in combined operations with other vessels of the belligerent, it might yet be open to the neutral to refuse them shelter, to refuse them coals, stores, and an opportu-

nity of refitting. The only difficulty worth considering, as to this exercise of the rights of a neutral, is the difficulty of getting evidence. How is evidence to be produced in neutral ports sufficient to warrant this attitude of suspicion, and this threat of punishment, towards a vessel of a belligerent? In English colonies, for example, there could scarcely be any evidence forthcoming which would warrant a Colonial Governor in seizing a ship, or in refusing her entrance into a port, unless distinct instructions had been sent from home directing him to behave in a particular way towards a ship mentioned by name. But it would take a long time before these instructions could reach distant colonies, and as the name of the ship would of course be altered, the Colonial Governor would run a great risk in deciding that a man-of-war bearing one name had really been a merchant vessel bearing another name.

It is also to be observed that, even if the representatives of a neutral Power in the most distant parts of the world could be kept so well informed of whatever the Home Government considered true or probable as to detain vessels, or to refuse them admittance, this would only check the career of such vessels in a very minute degree. If all English ports had been closed to the *Alabama*, she could still have gone into French or Spanish or Dutch ports. A Maritime Congress might, indeed, determine that a vessel thus excluded from the ports of one neutral country should also be excluded from the ports of all other neutral countries. But the practical difficulties attending the enforcement of this rule would be most serious. In the first place, notice of the facts must be communicated to every neutral, and the belligerent who conceived himself to be injured must prove his case in the territory of every neutral into whose ports the suspected vessel might try to enter. The probability, therefore, is that a vessel which had escaped in contravention of the laws of a neutral country would have so fair a chance of being for a time received with the usual hospitality in the distant ports of that country, and in the ports of other neutrals, that it would answer perfectly well to start her, and try how long she could be kept afloat. The only means of preventing the issue of such vessels that remains for the consideration of a Maritime Congress—and probably the most efficacious of all—is that of remonstrances with the Government of the belligerent State which has procured the issue of cruisers in defiance of

the laws and wishes of a neutral. The ground of complaint must not be taken to consist in the danger which threatens the neutral State, for in many cases the neutral State would run no danger. If no amount of vigilance could have prevented the issue of the cruiser, the belligerent against whom the cruiser is intended to act could have no just ground of complaint, and therefore the neutral would run no risk. No amount of vigilance, for example, could have prevented the issue from our ports of the *Shenandoah*; and therefore we could not be called to account for her escape. But it is an injury to the neutral that its municipal laws should have been infringed with the connivance of a foreign Government, and this injury is sufficient to warrant a strong remonstrance on the part of the neutral. The safety of the maritime world is also imperilled by the underhand proceedings of the belligerent, and the neutral is entitled to protest, not only in its own name, but in that of all neutral nations. If such a course of unfriendly proceedings were persisted in after remonstrance had been made against it, the neutral would be justified in going to war with the offending belligerent. In many cases, it is true, the injured neutral would not dare to go to war. But a nation which is too weak to protect itself may nevertheless appeal to a general feeling of what is right among civilized nations; and a nation that has a high sense of honour and dignity does not like to find the verdict of general opinion against it, even though it may be free from the apprehension that the number of its open and active enemies is likely to be increased. It would be the business of a Maritime Congress to create this body of general opinion, by laying down in explicit terms that a neutral is injured from whose port a cruiser has been launched by the secret contrivance of a foreign Government. The experiment whether such body of opinion could not be created, and whether it might not prove efficacious if it were created, is at least worth trying; and England will have great cause to rejoice if the meeting of a Congress to give this amount of sanction and force to the decisions of neutrals were the result of our present unfortunate difference with the United States.

From the Spectator, 25 Nov.
THE PARADOX IN GOVERNOR EYRE.
GOVERNOR EYRE, just now best known

to us through certain proceedings of a questionable kind, supposed to indicate something like panic, in Jamaica, deserves better to be known through a very different and much more unique class of proceedings, in which he has shown qualities that perhaps not one Englishman in a million could match. The more severely we criticise his conduct in the former matter, the more imperative becomes our obligation to exhibit the grander aspect of it, which his achievements nearly a quarter of a century ago as Australian explorer present. He has told his own tale, which has been recently repeated by Mr. Howitt, in his history of Australian discovery, and still more lately re-told by Mr. Henry Kingsley in the October and November numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine* in a style apparently invented expressly to describe courageous physical exploits with even more than the freshness of most men's original experience. And it is only fair to say that Mr. Henry Kingsley begins his tale by a testimony to Mr. Eyre's previous reputation as protector of the Australian blacks of the Lower Murray,—being the lowest type of black man known to us,—which should fairly raise a very strong *presumption* in favour of his justice where any issue between the Anglo Saxon and a lower race is placed clearly before him. Mr. Kingsley wrote:—

"Of this Mr. Eyre, who made this unparalleled journey, I know but little, save this:—He knew more about the aboriginal tribes, their habits, language, and so on, than any man before or since. He was appointed Black Protector for the Lower Murray, and did his work well. He seems to have been (*teste* Charles Sturt, from whom there is no appeal), a man eminently kind, generous, and just. No man concealed less than Eyre the vices of the natives, but no man stood more steadfastly in the breach between them and the squatters (the great pastoral aristocracy), at a time when to do so was social ostracism. The almost unexampled valour which led him safely through the hideous desert into which we have to follow him, served him well in a fight more wearing and more dangerous to his rules of right and wrong. He pleaded for the black, and tried to stop the war of extermination which was, is, and I suppose will be, carried on by the colonists against the natives in the unsettled districts beyond reach of the public eye. His task was hopeless. It was easier for him to find water in the desert than to find mercy for the savages. Honour to him for attempting it, however."

A man "eminently kind, generous, and just," standing between the squatting aristocracy of Australia and the wretched sav-

ages of those regions, should certainly be able, and apparently willing, to stand, if occasion were, between the negroes of Jamaica and the terrified white population. And if, as we fear, he has failed to do so, his character must present at least some curious paradox.

Courage at all events,—courage of an order that makes ordinary courage seem cowardice,—Mr. Eyre certainly does not want. It would be impossible here, and useless if it were possible, to repeat a twice-told story, which, too, in the form into which Mr. Henry Kingsley has thrown it, no one who reads can ever forget. But we may just recall the kinds of courage which that wonderful narrative illustrates,—the inborn love of braving unknown dangers, the profound contempt for *hardship*, which often fails to accompany the greatest serenity in danger, an unequalled fortitude under real pain and suffering, without any disposition to be driven by actual pain, and the expectation of prolonged pain, from his purpose,—a persistency of will quite independent of the value of the end to be attained, or the suffering to be saved by sacrificing it, when the fiat has once gone forth,—incredible patience with small obstructions, indomitable determination to struggle with great ones,—such were the qualities which took Mr. Eyre in 1840-1 over some 900 miles of actual desert, with water attainable only at intervals of about 120 miles, and no end in view beyond that of demonstrating his own confident and reasonable prediction, that no good could come of the route he followed. The case was this. Mr. Eyre had persuaded the colony of South Australia, just then anxious to find a practicable land route for cattle to Western Australia, to permit him to explore in a northerly direction instead, as he showed on good grounds that the westerly exploration could come to nothing. The colony, which had raised a sum of money for the western route, permitted him to devote it to the northern, and his attempt failed. He then persuaded himself that he was under a sort of honourable obligation to satisfy the colony that the western route also was impracticable, and this he insisted on doing, at the cost, as he expected, of both his own and a friend's life (and actually at the cost of the friend's), though before he started finally the colony was persuaded that his view was correct, and *sent the most urgent entreaties to him to give up the mad expedition*. Go, however, he would,—with one English attendant, Baxter, and three native boys, two of whom murdered his

companion about half-way,—over hundreds of miles of sand or cliff, without a tree, or spring of water, or even a native settlement. Repeatedly for *six days*, at a time they dragged along the horses with their provisions, or the sheep which they were ultimately to eat, without coming even to sand where a brackish well was possible. Baxter wanted to go back. Even the inadequate end Eyre had proposed to himself—to disprove the possibility of any route in this direction,—was attained. But he had resolved to complete his journey or perish, and complete it he did. When they were five hundred miles away from help on one side, and four hundred on the other, Baxter was murdered, and why the savage followers who shot Baxter did not shoot Eyre also it is impossible to say. But even then, alone with one native boy, he proceeded, leaving his friend's body unburied on the hard rock where there was neither earth nor sand to bury it, and for two months longer he trudged on, alone but for this savage, always half starved, generally fainting with heat and thirst, latterly almost frozen with cold, to carry out the arbitrary task he had set himself. Clearly Mr. Eyre is one of those men who by merely “putting his foot down” on a given course can make it as sacred to himself, without looking for any results from it, as if the perspective beyond it were always opening out into a more and more brilliant future. There are many men who, with Columbus's conviction, could go through Columbus's trials. But how many are there who could go nine hundred miles on foot over dreary cliffs, through a waterless, treeless, but not insectless desert (Mr. Eyre was stung to madness day after day), to verify a negative inference which he had proved to his own and his fellow colonists' satisfaction before he started,—or rather, if we must give the true reason,—because he had rashly pledged himself to himself to do this thing? To such a man *means*, however horrid, become of no account, when an end, however trivial, is once fixed upon. He lives only to stretch forward to that end.

Is, then, courage, and fortitude, and iron strength of purpose such as this—so immeasurably beyond any standard put before the eyes of ordinary men—compatible, even in imagination, with the supposition that in Jamaica Mr. Eyre has yielded to a social panic, and adopted very unscrupulous measures for suppressing the insubordination which had broken out there? We fear it is. The sort of mind which can hunt down almost any end with sure inevitable

step, is rarely the mind to show most discrimination in choosing amongst several the true end to hunt down. Profoundly as we admire, and wonder at, the qualities Mr. Eyre showed in his great expedition, we must say we think that, in the actual state of his own previous convictions and that of his fellow-colonists, there never was a less justifiable sacrifice and risk incurred in all the noble records of perilous discovery. If it was really his mere annoyance that he should have persuaded the colonists to divert the funds voted for the useless western exploration to the (as it proved) equally useless northern exploring expedition, which made him resolve that their original intent should not be thwarted,—though they themselves wished it to be abandoned,—then, this shows a mind far too sensitive to the imputation of having disappointed the public hope. As we read Mr. Eyre's character, he is a mere feather's weight of fanciful feeling determine him to risk everything for nothing. The mere fact of thinking that he had persuaded the public to alter their plan and had disappointed them, was sufficient to make him take his own life and his friend's life in his hand, and throw them away on a sandy desert. In the same way no doubt, if he got the idea that the Jamaica whites had trusted him, and trusted him in vain, he would have been spurred on by a similar moral gad-fly to crush all sign of rebellion, at any cost, however great, to himself or those who were thwarting his purpose. These men of iron purpose, with inadequate judgment in selecting their purpose, are the most dangerous of rulers. When Mr. Eyre was protector of the blacks on the South Murray River, he was responsible for only one trust,—the protection of the Blacks to the best of his ability. And with one clear and simple trust before him, no doubt he did, as Mr. Henry Kingsley says, battle for it with a noble and unwearied pertinacity. But in Jamaica he was not protector of the Blacks, but Governor of the whole island, he had therefore a number of different and in some respects conflicting interests amongst which to choose, and so was, we think, pretty sure to make a temporary idol of that duty which for the moment seemed most imperative. The blacks were murdering white men. He thought of nothing but the most drastic measures for repressing that tendency on the part of the negroes, and lost view of that complexity of the judicial duty which is of the essence of a governor's functions.

Mr. Eyre seems to us to be one of the pe-

uliar class of men who may be called single-purpose men,—who drive straight away to the one goal before them, even if they have to cut that way through half-a-dozen other equally important ends. We believe that, as a rule, the one great advantage which aristocratic governors in India and elsewhere have had over middle-class men of otherwise equal ability, and often greater energy, has been their power of weighing complex social and political ends, and resisting the tendency to drive away at one thing at a time. Lord Canning, for instance, saw that, though to repress the Indian rebellion was his first duty, there were many other great duties to be associated with it,—the greatest being to repress it without injustice to the natives, and he got the name of Clemency Canning. Sir John Lawrence, on the other hand, is, if we mistake him not, a little too much of the single-purpose class, who can carry through a great administrative work, but cannot so well govern an empire. But Mr. Eyre is, to all appearance, the very type of this class. His purposes are long straight grooves, out of which he does not get till he gets to the end of them. He does not weigh and balance the various influences he has to exercise, but gives himself up to one tyrannical object at a time. His mind is even *unscrupulous* after it enters one of these grooves till it gets out of it again. He is *possessed* by his aim. Negroes, members of legislative council, all must die, rather than that he shall not succeed in the idea thus haunting him. That is, at least, how we reconcile the wonderful courage, fortitude, and, in a smaller sense, presence of mind that he has shown, with the unscrupulous arbitrariness, and want of presence of mind in the larger sense, which seem to us to breathe through his great Jamaica despatch.

From the Economist, 28 Oct.
THE POLICY OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.

It is one of the many evils of the American Constitution that it induces politicians to examine every utterance or reported utterance of the President with overstrained anxiety. His opinion is as important as that of an English Premier, while he can no more be cross-questioned than an English Sovereign. He has no representative in Congress, and only one constitutional mode of communicating with the people he rules, which one is very seldom employed. Poli-

ticians are reduced, therefore, to watch him as despotic sovereigns are watched, to study his casual utterances, and letters on common-place subjects, and replies to deputations, if by any means they may thence extract some clue to his real designs and will. This is, we imagine, the secret of the importance attached to President Johnson's remarks to the deputation from South Carolina, and to the coloured regiment which recently passed through Washington. The first series of speeches really reveal nothing except that the President is disposed to treat all prisoners, including Mr. Davis, with great clemency, that he is inclined to a stringent vagrant law pressing equally on whites and blacks, and that he defines liberty as simply the right to work and enjoy the products of labour, — a very limited definition. But the conversation, though it throws some light on his views, indicating, for example, that he would accept negro testimony, *quantum valeat*, throws none on his policy, none, for example, on the point whether he will insist on such testimony being received. The speech to the negroes is equally obscure. He told them, indeed, that the United States was their country as much as anybody else's, a remark received with disapprobation by many of the white men standing round, and that they must respect marriage, and that they should improve themselves, but gave no hint as to the extent to which the freedom necessary to those ends should be secured. He evidently reserves any detailed expression of his views and decisions for his message to Congress to be delivered in the beginning of December, and meanwhile it is by his acts he must be judged. Those acts show, in our opinion, distinctly that Mr. Johnson has made up his mind to reconstruct the Union by pushing the principal of State rights to its logical conclusion without any guarantees for the coloured population other than the bare prohibition of legal slavery. If any State chooses to grant full civil rights to its black inhabitants well, but if it chooses to refuse them well also; if it passes laws binding the negro to the soil that is no reason for interference, or even for official remonstrance. Accordingly orders have been issued disbanding all colored troops except a few to be employed in unhealthy garrisons, the Freedmen's bureaus are being rapidly abolished, governors are accepted notoriously hostile to the negro, the right of voting is not demanded, and though the President advises the reception of negro testimony, he has not made it a condition. Indeed, in two States slavery itself is not abolished, martial law having been withdrawn

from Kentucky after the people of that State had refused to insert the necessary provision in their constitution, and no convention at all having been called in Texas. The Governor reports that it would as yet be dangerous, and Texas therefore is not pressed. With the exception of that State, however, the entire South will by December be absolutely free from military control, and at liberty to remodel their legal system as they please, without interference from Washington. Commerce is already reviving. The specie hoarded during the war is coming out, the railways are under reconstruction, and there exists a strong probability that the Southern members, if admitted to Congress at all, will be so powerful, as, with the aid of the President, to be virtual rulers of the Republic. They will have, it must be remembered, the right of electing members not only for themselves, but for the blacks; for while the latter, like women, have no votes, they are, like women, counted in the electoral census according to which members are apportioned. The Southerners, will have many allies among the democrats and the sympathy of the mercantile class, and even if not possessed of a majority, will hold the position the Tory party holds in the present Parliament. Their exclusion, though threatened by the Republicans, is, we think, improbable. Supported by the whole people, that party might venture on such a defiance of the feeling in favour of State rights, but supported only by a section, though the more numerous section, and opposed to an irremovable Executive Government, they would run too much risk of seeing their acts to be declared illegal, and themselves an imperfect Congress. Besides, a party which is in the majority is sure to believe that it can use its majority in a popular assembly without expelling its foes.

We cannot, as dispassionate observers, look forward to this prospect with anything like complacency. No man who has studied the history of the last four years in America will think himself justified in assigning limits to the American power of overcoming political difficulties, but the Government of the Union appears to us to be preparing most serious dangers for itself, and it may be for the world. The Southerners, if masters at home and powerful in Washington, are certain to rebuild society on the aristocratic base, — that is, to reinvigorate the main element of political discord between the two sections, and thus lay the seeds of a future war, are certain to reassert, in almost its old strength, the dangerous doctrine of State Sovereignty, and are nearly certain

to tamper in some way with a debt contracted to ensure their own subjugation. Mr. Morgan, the democratic candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania, advised repudiation on the ground of the severity of the terms on which the loans were raised, and though he found little support he must have expected adhesion from sympathizers with the South. It would be difficult to conceive an event which would be more disastrous to the cause of freedom throughout the world than a repudiation of this war debt, and the immense privileges accorded to the South certainly increase the risk of its being repudiated. These things are independent of the negro, but it is impossible to pass in silence over the fate of four millions of human beings. Apart altogether from sentimentalism, it is certain that the experiment of allowing him freedom, had it been fairly tried and succeeded, would have been of incalculable benefit to the world. It would have proved to a demonstration that the principles of civil and political freedom are applicable to the inferior races, a proposition still denied with bad results in Africa, India, and Turkey. Even if it had failed, the world would have gained experience where it now has only a theory, and the higher races might have retained the guidance of the lower with much clearer conscience, and, therefore, firmer purpose. To interrupt such an experiment is in any case an evil, but to interrupt it by allowing the slaveholders to subject their freedmen to laws menacing to their happiness, injurious to the competition of free settlers, and hostile to the principles upon which the nation has been founded and has grown great, is excusable only on a plea which the President does not put forward — a paramount necessity. We cannot but fear that when the troops are all withdrawn and the Southern States all reconstituted, and the Southern members reseated in Congress, the North will look round and find that the fruits of the great war in which it has been victorious have been most of them thrown away. It would have been wiser to wait.

Of course none of these objections apply to the President's resolve to show clemency to individuals. The world has decided, without much thinking on the matter, that excessive severity to political crime is immoral, and whether the world is right or not it is quite clear that it is unwise. If the disaffected are few, persecution only makes them martyrs, and if they are many, it is well to deprive them of the stimulus to energy contained in the conviction that conquest or execution are the only alterna-

tives. Most men will fight well when victory is the only way to avoid massacre, and Anglo-Saxons, under such circumstances, seem lifted altogether out of themselves. The Southerners fought splendidly, but if they had the conviction which flashed on Anglo-Indians after Cawnpore, and had fought as they did, the South might have been conquered, but not its inhabitants.

From the Daily News, 30th November.

THE NEGRO MASSACRES IN JAMAICA.

THE further intelligence which the West India mail brings from Jamaica must intensify the anxiety with which the acts of the authorities there have been regarded throughout England. We obtain no further insight into the evidence of a plot by which the massacre of the alleged rebels has been said to be justified. On this head everything still stands on the footing of rumour, of hearsay evidence, of statements that "it is said" there was a conspiracy. Considering the constant sitting of courts-martial, the surrender of so many voluntary prisoners, the torturing by the lash on every side, and the final admission that order is now so far secured that an amnesty has been issued, it is certainly incredible that, if overwhelming evidence of such a conspiracy exists, it should not have oozed out, and should not have been published in the newspapers of the island. But in these sources of information, as well as in the Governor's speech to the House of Assembly, we search in vain for it. We find column after column filled with recapitulation of the particulars of the first horrid outbreak in Morant Bay; we find a statement by each survivor of all he saw and all he suffered; we find the despatches of the several commanders of parties, and copious details of every event by correspondents of the press. But of evidence of this deep-laid, all-embracing plot, this "volcano" on the brink of which, the Governor tells the Legislature, the colony has been — this determination "to make Jamaica a second Hayti" — we are furnished with not one tittle that would bear a moment's examination in an English court of justice. . . .

But the character of the evidence on which this alleged plot rests is to be seen perhaps most clearly from what has been published as conclusive proof of Mr. G. W. Gordon's guilt. We yesterday laid before our readers an address which had been

published by that gentleman prior to a meeting of St. George-in-the-East, called by the Custos himself, in July last. This document is furnished by the paper we have already quoted from as a specimen of his speeches and proclamations by which "the masses were inflamed." And what does this seditious incitement and evidence of treasonable conspiracy contain? An invitation to the people to attend the meeting the authorities had called—a recommendation that Mr. Cardwell's "very indiscreet despatch" should be "well-handled in a loyal spirit"—an assurance that

"We know that our beloved Queen is too noble-hearted to say anything unkind even to her most humble subjects, and we believe that Mr. Cardwell and her Majesty's other ministers are gentlemen too honourable and honest in their intentions wilfully to wound the feelings of her Majesty's colonial subjects; but we fear they have been deceived and misled, and the consequence is a serious grievance to our people; but we advise them to be prudent yet firm in their remonstrances, and we have no doubt that truth will ultimately prevail."

And then an earnest and passionate, yet surely most loyal and constitutional entreaty:—

"People of St. Ann's, Poor people of St. Ann's, Starving people of St. Ann's, Naked people of St. Ann's, you who have no sugar estates to work on nor can find other employment, we call on you to come forth. Even if you be naked, come forth, and protest against the unjust representations made against you by Mr. Governor Eyre and his band of custodes. You don't require custodes to tell your woes; but you want men free of government influence—you want honest men—you want men with a sense of right and wrong, and who can appreciate you. Call on your ministers to reveal your true condition, and then call on Heaven to witness, and have mercy."

Is this evidence which we in England can be asked to accept of a deep-laid plot for the massacre of every white man at Christmas, under the auspices of the G. W. Gordon who writes such words? Was there any wilder perversion of honest meaning and legal acts found in the mouths of the infamous informers who two centuries ago hatched the Popish plot, than in the production of such a document as damning evidence of the writer's ferocious treason?

But while such is the evidence of crime, so far as during a month of trials and slaughtering it has been made public, the evidence of its punishment is very different. It will be remembered that the total

number killed by the rioters on the 11th October was sixteen, and two planters were killed next day. For these deaths the vengeance taken by courts-martial in the town of Morant Bay alone is stated, by a correspondent who seems to have been at pains to be accurate, as "up to date," on 26th October, 102 rebels executed. The courts-martial were still, however, in full swing, and on the 27th eighteen more were sent to the gallows, on the 28th eleven more, and on the 30th sixteen more. At this period the despatch closes. But while thus the number executed in the town alone was 147, the same careful correspondent adds—"It may not altogether be uninteresting to your readers to know that slightly over 1,050 rebels have been hanged and shot in the parish of St. Thomas up to date." These, however, are only the executions in the form of martial law. Of how many were shot down in the bush, or slain on the ashes of their homes, no account can ever be given; only we know that rivers are described as foul with the pollution of the dead bodies that are festering on their banks, that whole districts are described as impenetrable from the stench of corpses, and that certain roads are described as fringed with carcasses of "rebels." We are told by the *Colonial Standard* of Nov. 6, that "Mr. Justice Kirkland, the only acting authority at Bath, received a verbal order to shoot prisoners, but did not consider that authority enough for such a proceeding. He sent off to Morant Bay for a confirmation, but delayed, from some cause, starting his despatch, so much so that the prisoners have increased to between 120 and 150 in the meantime." But when there was no ground for either shooting or hanging prisoners, the cat was always available. The same paper tells us flogging is going on from morning to night. Many women and children detected as robbers are flogged and let go daily. The greater criminals are sent on to Morant Bay to be hanged or shot. Details are furnished of the jests of the sailors on the sufferings of the miserable wretches on whom they are performing this hideous office. Nay, with the last refinement of cruelty the lash is applied, before trial, to those who are set apart for trial, and who are afterwards shot!

But we cannot pollute our columns with more of such appalling details. If but a thousandth part of such tales as form the staple of the Jamaica newspapers—and which are narrated with heartiest applause—are true, hell itself has broke loose in that wretched island. But the demons are not the blacks, who burst into the sudden

fury of a single day, and never afterwards offered the remotest show of resistance. They are the white men, who, for week after week, have been holding their feast of blood; who have, by form of law, taken fifty lives for each one that they themselves lost; who have, on pretence of a future insurrection, made a whole region barren with extermination, and uninhabitable with the pestilence of putrifying bodies; who gloat and jest over the tortures they inflict ere they mercifully slay; who flog naked women and children; and who blaspheme Almighty God with their thanks for his mercies vouchsafed in delivering their enemies into their hands. It is no longer human nature that exists in that land; drunk with blood and maddened with cruelty, our soldiers and sailors have become as wild animals, and have lost every vestige and sentiment of humanity, while they bandy compliments on their common triumphs over panic-stricken and fugitive wretches, over a foe who has never crossed a sword with them in fight, nor ever fired a musket-shot in their "glorious campaign."

This awful business must be stopped if we would not have all civilization rise to execrate the name of Englishmen.

MR. GORDON'S TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

THE following is all the account given of the trial of Mr. Gordon, from which it appears that notes of the evidence on which he was sent to execution were withheld from the public:—

"About twelve o'clock on the 20th of October prisoners, among them George William Gordon, were brought out and lined in front of the wharf where the courts-martial were about to be held. In order to save time two courts were formed—the one composed of Colonel Lewis, of the St. Catherine's Militia, Captain Espent, of the Kingston Militia, and Captain Astwood, of the Kingston Cavalry; the other composed of Second Lieutenant Brent, commander of the gun-boat *Nettle*, Second Lieutenant Herington, commander of the gun-boat *Onyx*; and Ensign Kelly, of the 4th West India Regiment.

At two o'clock the same day (Saturday) the trial of George W. Gordon commenced. He was tried before the military court, presided over by Second Lieutenant Brent. He was given a very patient trial, and was allowed to cross-examine all the witnesses through the President of the Court, and, above all, was permitted to enter into a lengthy defence. The trial lasted till past candle-light, when the court was ordered to be cleared. The court sat in delibe-

ration for nearly half an hour, during which time there was a profound silence, and each one drew in his breath in fearful suspense in anticipation of the future. At the order, "Open the court," given to the Provost-Marshall, every eye was bent forward; every ear was eagerly listening, and one could almost fancy that the beating of every heart was heard in the room. But this fearful suspense was heightened still more by the voice of the President of the Court pronouncing only the words, "This Court is dissolved." The prisoner was then taken charge of by the Provost-Marshall, and led back separate from the other rebels under the Provost-Marshall's charge at the station. I have full notes taken of the trial, but I am not permitted to forward them for publication until leave is given me to do so by the Brigadier-General. The charges against George William Gordon were: 1st, high treason and sedition against her Majesty the Queen; 2nd, inciting to murder and rebellion.

The sentence of the court-martial was not told to Mr. Gordon until Monday, one hour before its execution. He occupied that time in writing an affecting letter to his wife, who is an educated English lady. The line towards the close, which says "the General has come," indicates the arrival of the executioners:

"My beloved Wife,—General Nelson has just been kind enough to inform me that the court-martial on Saturday last has ordered me to be hung, and that the sentence is to be executed in an hour hence; so that I shall be gone from this world of sin and sorrow. I regret that my worldly affairs are so deranged; but now it cannot be helped. I do not deserve this sentence; for I never advised or took part in any insurrection. All I ever did was to recommend the people who complained to seek redress in a legitimate manner; and if in this I erred or have been misrepresented, I do not think I deserve the extreme sentence. It is, however, the will of my Heavenly Father that I should thus suffer in obeying his command, to relieve the poor and needy, and to protect, as far as I was able, the oppressed. And glory be to his name; and I thank him that I suffer in such a cause. Glory be to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and I can say it is a great honour thus to suffer, for the servant cannot be greater than his Lord. I can now say with Paul, the aged, 'The hour of my departure is at hand, and I am ready to be offered up. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me.' Say to all friends an affectionate farewell, and that they must not grieve for me, for I die innocently. Assure Mr. Airy and all others of the truth of this. Comfort your heart. I certainly little expected this. You must do the best you can, and the

Lord will help you, and do not be ashamed of the death your poor husband will have suffered. The judges seemed against me; and from the rigid manner of the Court, I could not get in all the explanation I intended. The man Anderson made an unfounded statement, and so did Gordon; but his testimony was different from the deposition. The judges took the former and erased the latter. It seemed that I was to be sacrificed. I know nothing of the man Bogle. I never advised him to the act or acts which have brought me to this end. Please write to Mr. Chamorrozow, Lord Brougham, and Messrs. Hencknell and Du Buisson. I did not expect that, not being a rebel, I should have been tried and disposed of in this way. I thought his Excellency the Governor would have allowed me a fair trial, if any charge of sedition or inflammatory language were partly [?] fairly attributable to me; but I have no power of control: may the Lord be merciful to him. General Nelson, who has just come for me, has faithfully promised to let you have this. May the Lord bless him, and all the soldiers and sailors, and all men. Say farewell to Mr. Phillips, also Mr. Licard, Mr. Bell, Mr. Vinon, and Mr. Henry Dulasse, and many others whom I do not now remember, but who have been true and faithful to me. As the General has come I must close. Remember me to Aunt Eliza in England, and tell her not to be ashamed of my death. Now, my dearest one, the most beloved and faithful, the Lord bless, help, preserve, and keep you. A kiss for dear mamma, who will be kind to you and Janet. Kiss also Annie and Jane [his three sisters]. Say good-bye to dear Mr. Davison and all others. I have only been allowed one hour. I wish more time had been allowed. Farewell also to Mr. Espent, who sent up my private letter to him. And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all.

"Your truly devoted and now nearly dying husband,

G. W. GORDON.

"I asked leave to see Mr. Panther [Minister of the chapel he attended], but the General said I could not. I wish him farewell in Christ. Remember me to auntie and father. Mr. Bamsey has for the last two days been kind to me. I thank him."

From the Spectator.

EDINBURGH.

THERE is at least one subject on which the national vanity of Scotland is well justified, and that is the beauty of her capital. Few cities in Europe rival Edinburgh in the beauty of its site, none is so unique in characteristics. Paris and St. Petersburg excel her in buildings, and Naples looks down upon a lovelier scene, but no place can show the special and, so

to speak, eccentric charm of Edinburgh, the inextricable commingling or, as it were, jumbling up of wild nature with modern civilization. Her principal street is bounded by a green and fresh ravine, full of trees, and grass, and precipitous banks, and looks straight on a castle-crowned rock as grim of aspect and abrupt of line as any rock upon the Rhine, but at the bottom of the ravine runs the locomotive, and by the side of the gray castle stretch gray houses, tall and gaunt, with odd gables and strange points and towers, which look as if they had existed for ever, but are covered with gilt advertisements. Out of the very tumult of the main street, at the point where it is hottest, almost touching with its feet the post office, and theatre, and High School, rises sharply a green hill far above the city, and at the top of it, an ascent of a minute, the visitor is in a new world, looking down upon the city stretched out like a panorama, with every building and street distinctly visible, and upon the gleaming Forth, which seems from that height almost to ring it in. He may lie under the trees on the Forth side of the hill and believe himself in some remote county, till, as he turns to descend, he reads the blunt notice that any woman addressing any man upon the hill will be prosecuted, and remembers that he is in a great city, amidst a great city's vices. Or stand upon Dean Bridge. Below the spectator on each side is a deep, narrow ravine, untouched by art, with a brattling burn at the bottom rushing over the loose stones as if in the wilderness, and beyond are the towers of Donaldson's Hospital, the "only palace in Scotland," as the Queen, half-envyng, is reported to have said, and far away the stately building in the capital. Or, finally, drive from Princes Street in a cab,—the cab of civilization, roomy, and soft, and clean, the cab which has not reached London yet,—and in five minutes you are in the true wilderness, toiling up a range of hills as green, and, bright, and free from enclosure as if they were in Argyllshire, with its own valleys, and knolls, and rocks, and steep descents, and little lakes, in which the rocks above them throw a shadow so sleepily deep that the ripple caused by the boys' rods as they fish for minnows never disturbs it. Arthur's Seat, which is not, we may tell Londoners, an abrupt knoll, but a range of great mountains as seen through the small end of a telescope, belongs to Switzerland, and the gas-lights go all round it. That is to our minds the peculiarity of Edinburgh,—art and nature, the wilder-

ness and the street, the lake and the aqueduct, in such close juxtaposition as almost to suggest the idea of collision, yet, art never conquering, there is from the collision no resulting vulgarity. The total absence of vulgarity, of garishness of any sort, or excessive inconsistency, is indeed a marked feature of Edinburgh as a city, as it is also, although in a less degree, of Edinburgh life. The city has no parks as we understand the word — it means, *Scotie*, a grass field — but their place is supplied by the "Meadows," the playground of Edinburgh, situated in the very heart of the houses, yet in their common-like look still keeping up the air of rustic life. Outside, the town, which Londoners are apt to believe contains only one hill, is girdled in with low but varied ranges, from the dim but rounded hummocks which somehow, though on the opposite side, seem to conceal the Forth, to the Braid Hills beyond Morningside, which just suggest the full height of the Pentland range beyond. And beneath them all, like a burn below a ravine, lies the fresh green sea rolling at one corner over deep white sands a mile broad, and then at another breaking over sharp red boulders, so oddly placed as to suggest the thought that giant children have been playing at building houses and causeways, and, suddenly interrupted, left their giant brown pebbles there. Twenty minutes take you from Edinburgh to a sea bath, thirty more place you again on a mountain side, as fresh, and green, and breezy, and for all purposes of prospect as high, as the wildest hill in Wales.

Of Edinburgh life it does not become a mere visitor to speak, for he is almost certain to misunderstand it, but its special external characteristics as apparent to a mere visitor seem to be these. Edinburgh is socially what no other city in the islands now is, what no city in France is, but what many cities are in Germany — a provincial capital. There is nothing of London about it, and nothing whatever of the county town. Life is far simpler than in London, far kindlier, far more penetrated with true and beneficial municipal feeling. Old residents complain that the ancient simplicity is dying of railways, tourists, and the wretched English freehandedness and love of ostentation, but this is not apparent to the visitor. What he sees is that a man may live in Edinburgh as he chooses, doing with or without man-servants or carriage, as it pleases him, may exhibit any amount of eccentricity — Edinburgh is still full of characters — without social loss. He sees

that the interest felt by each in each does not degenerate as in county towns into espionage, that the people can and do live four and five independent families in a house without jar, or bickering, or overmuch watchfulness of one another, that no man hesitates to say, "I cannot afford it," no woman to affirm "I cannot abide waste," or as she probably pronounces it, "wast," that dogs and cats are universal and very beautiful — it does not seem etiquette in Edinburgh to steal animals — that every local celebrity is known and defended instead of being attacked, and that every man, woman, and child in the city speaks of it and its belongings as if he had created them all, and would never quite forget to glorify his handiwork. Those traces indicate a pleasant people, though there is another side, and perhaps no words of ours would indicate the mixture of characteristics better than these two trifling facts. "Flats" or storeys of houses are, in Edinburgh, bought and sold and lived in as *freeholds*. Imagine the hearty kindliness and respect for rights and reasonability there must be in a proud, punctilious people who can do that, whose wives do not quarrel with the wives overhead or on the ground floor, who can bear the hourly *touch* of violent disparities of fortune, who can abstain from espionage, whose servants can keep from flying, under those circumstances, at each others' throats. On the other hand, look at this. It is the custom in Edinburgh, as in London, for the better class to quit the city in August and September for the beautiful watering places scattered all over Scotland, and when going they leave their houses absolutely without inmates, simply lock them up as if Edinburgh were already the place "where thieves do not break through nor steal." Well, they lock the pet cats out too. Imagine the trace of hardness, hardness as of granite there must be in the people who, able to take a summer tour, can yet do *that*! The poor "beasties" run about half wild, eating what they can get by chance, possibly benefiting, like their masters, by unwanted exercise and fresh air, but growing awfully thin, and then return with prominent ribs, and hungry eyes, and torn fur to the house, to be petted, and over-fed, and made much of till next September. The custom does not arise from want of consideration for animals, for the citizens love dogs, — you never see a cab without one on the box seat calmly surveying mankind, — and visibly pet them; it is just hardness. The cats can live somehow out-

side for the month, and why should there be "wast" on cats' meat? That is the Scotch character, full of the most gentle kindness and consideration, yet with a vein of flint in it somewhere, from which it is true you may draw fire, but a sudden stumble on which draws only pain to the stumbler. For the rest, a simplicity like, but not equal to, that of Germany, a frankness as of those who know no superiors and cannot conceive any necessity for appearances, still seems to us to linger in Edinburgh society, sometimes softening, occasionally hardening, all intercourse, but always enriching it. From the pestilent county-town habit of detraction it is, except when its clergy are concerned either as subjects or as operators, almost entirely free.

The best point about Edinburgh, however, the one which most strikes a stranger, is the character of its lower class. The Scotch themselves often decry it, and do not like it, saying that it has been corrupted, but to a stranger it seems one of the best yet attained in any capital. Its main feature is reasonableness, reasonableness of the kind which produces a grave and somewhat slow courtesy and independence. However low his class, the "rough" in Edinburgh will always listen gravely and reply quietly, never gibes without a reason, and never puts on that brutally sullen manner with which the Englishmen of the same kind cloaks the *mauvaise honte* which comes of inferiority. The sense of equality, though not so externally patent as in France, is just as strong, and rather more real, the reverence for money being distinctly less. There is no trace of colonial feeling in this bearing, servants in Scotland submitting to a discipline which would drive servants in England frantic, and the social inferior almost always giving place, say, for example, in a crowd, to the social superior; but there is a self-assertion, a distinct dislike of that condescending, half-satirical manner which makes educated Englishmen so hated in all countries but their own, and in their own keeps classes so terribly apart. A Scotch cabby, for example, can converse, — a thing no Englishman of the lower class ever attempts — and an Edinburgh tradesman of the lowest order, though far more anxious for custom than a Londoner, talks with his eyes on yours, and without eternal "Sirring." Perhaps the best illustration of the internal difference is a little external one. In England one can judge approximately of a man's degree by his name, in Scotland one cannot. There are names all

over London which, as we read or hear them, we know do not belong to gentlemen; but in Edinburgh a Murray is marquis and tobacconist, a Campbell earl and pawnbroker, a Scott duke and costermonger. Stewarts by dozens drive cabs, we counted eight Johnstones in one walk among the lowest tradesmen, Frasers keep ginshops, and Hays sell sweeties and half-penny numbers of the *London Journal*. Eleven-twelfths of the names over Edinburgh shops are not vulgar names, and the fact, the result originally of clan connections, reveals the truth within. The Edinburgh man is as fond of getting on as the Englishman, and pushes much harder, but he does not hate social superiors in the same way, is quite capable of feeling for them, if needful, a pitying kindness, of judging them in fact as he would judge his own class. The latent suspicion of intended wrong which never quits the English servant or workman is in the Edinburgh native entirely wanting. The influence of grade does not weigh on him, or the influence of money. He is rarely without humour of the quaintly-satirical kind, and is invariably devoid of that tendency to confuse insult with retort, which George Eliot points to in *Silas Marner* as universal among uneducated Englishmen. Grade he judges of necessity by something other than dress, being very often, if a Scotch gentleman is his interlocutor, decidedly the better dressed of the two, and he does not in his heart either admire or expect freehandness. More than his due is acceptable of course, for it swells the stocking-foot, but he asks still in his mind, "Wharforr do ye wast the maicries?" One accidental advantage contributes very much to this visible equality. The low Scotchman has no vulgarisms to fight, no "h" to pick up, no uncontrollable habit of using, and therefore abusing, words he does not understand. The Edinburgh costermonger's talk differs only in accent from that of the Edinburgh middle-class man — unless the latter talks English — and there is therefore no consciousness on the score of utterance. Then he is educated in a way, and shares with the Parisian a profound and genuine respect for knowledge of any kind, — could not comprehend, much less sympathize with, the low Londoner's hatred of "soft-spoken" men. He has his bad qualities no doubt, the most prominent ones being a visible disbelief in cleanliness, and a tendency when drunk to put himself out of civilization, but taken for all in the lower Edinburgh citizen, workman or small

shopkeeper, is the best result of a training which, though unsuited for other countries, does visibly suit Scotland. The result is a kindness in the intercourse of classes which is exceedingly pleasant, and which in English cities tends to disappear. The Edinburgh employer will have his due and more than his due, drives very hard and counts farthings very keenly, but he never

bullies, knows all about his *employé* and his family, and never treats him with that silent, unquestioning indifference, which so galls all races but our own. We have seen a master in Edinburgh *chat* in the genuine sense with a servant—an event which in London has probably not occurred in this century, and the fact is worth a volume as an illustration of social difference.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE following is pronounced by the London *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.

WITHIN the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hours of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the stream sang low—

As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;

And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed too pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unledged young;

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where swung the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn;

To warn the reaper of the rosy east:
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;

Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage low.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders ~~weaved~~ their thin shrouds night by night;

The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers, ~~now~~
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch

Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch.

Amid all this—the centre of the scene,
The white haired matron, with monotonous tread,

Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,

And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;

And twice war bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,

Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;

And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud,

While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

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